

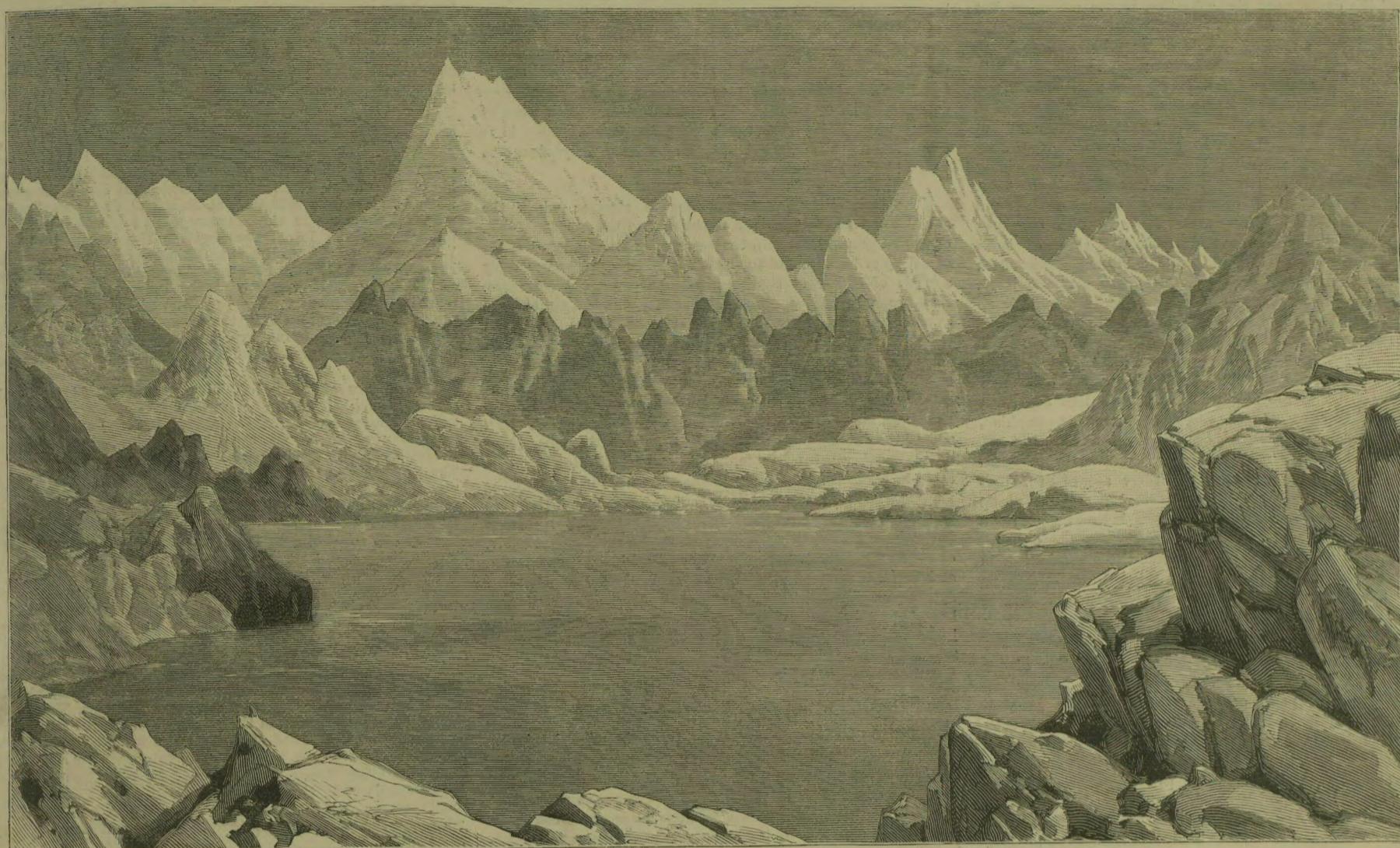
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDONER NEWS

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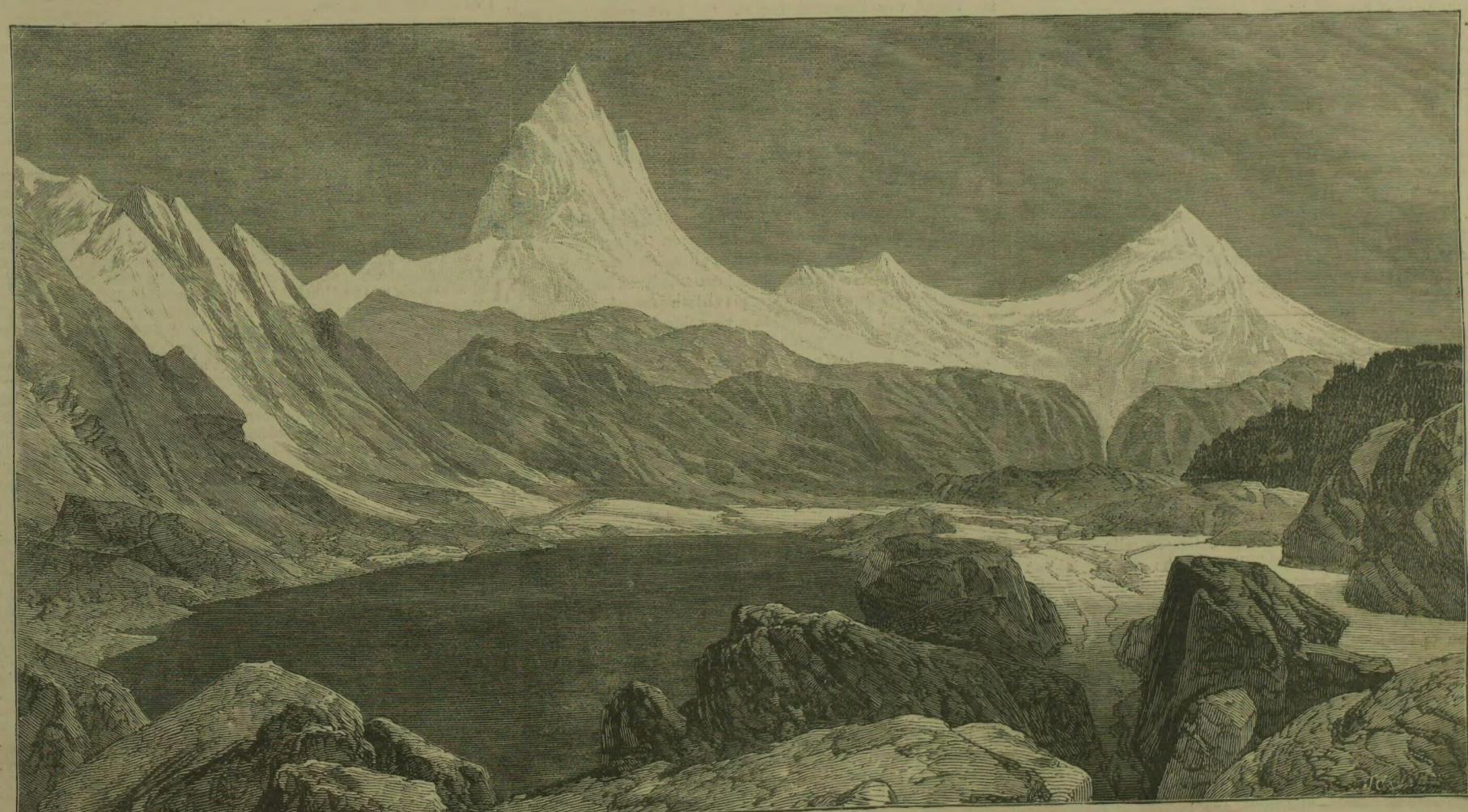
No. 2581.—VOL. XCIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

WITH { SIXPENCE.  
COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6*½*d.



THE CHOLA PASS, WITH MOUNT KINCHINJUNGA, HIMALAYAS.



THE JALAPLA PASS AND LAKE.

THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The life of any man, as it was really lived, would, it has been well said, be the most interesting reading in the world; it would, perhaps, not be "family reading"; I can fancy, in some cases (though not, I trust, in my own), that there might be a thought, just here and there, which would be better relegated to an appendix than published in the body of the work. And, next to an autobiography of this class, it now appears that a Diary is the most popular of publications. It is supposed that this form of literature is composed every night, with the same regularity (or perhaps even greater) with which the author says his prayers; that nothing of consequence is omitted, and nothing set down in malice; and that the fact of the graces of composition being absent is itself an evidence of the genuineness of the work. I have known some eminent diarists whose observations have been recorded in volumes with a locked clasp, and which have strained the curiosity of their families to the uttermost, but without exciting mine. I have noticed them at their dreadful trade, and made a "mem." myself of how the thing is done; and the method does not inspire confidence. In the first place, they are all tired of the business. Having been at it so long, and boasted of it to others ("This minute and trustworthy record of events extending over a period of fifty years, Sir, cannot but have its value when I shall have passed away," &c.), they don't like to give it up; but the enthusiasm with which they first set about it, and bought the books and ruled the lines, has passed away. Of course, they no more expected any immediate return for their labours than one does from planting an oak; but the oak can grow of itself and the diary can't; they find the continual ministration to its wants intolerable, and then they don't continue them. No; there are immense intervals, after which they write it up to date. I've seen them at it. I know by the expression of their faces as they chew the top of their pen all their little difficulties. "Was it Tuesday or Friday? Hanged if I can remember! And was it Jack or the Bishop who told the story about the girl and the seraphine: it sounds like Jack, but then what does he know about seraphines? Was it a seraphine, by-the-by, or a seraphim? or, by Jingo, wasn't it, after all, a semaphore? That's the worst of not putting things down at once." But it's not the worst; there are often half-a-dozen blank days, and every one of these has to be filled up with occurrences—by the imagination. Whenever I see a diary produced in a Court of Law I feel the same sense of incredulity as when an expert in handwriting (or, indeed, in anything else) is ushered into the witness-box. It is no wonder that History has such a bad name, when we remember that she is the natural offspring of Diaries.

A new argument against an undue prolongation of our days comes from that "brave," but, as it would seem from the context, slightly impolite country, "little Wales." There is living, near Swansea, a lady who has contrived to reach, even under our unimproved conditions of existence, the respectable age of 108 (she is "in receipt of parish relief," but that is an accident which seems to happen to nine centenarians out of ten). "She can distinguish vessels, easily, four or five miles out to sea." If she can do this, she must, in her youth, have been nearsighted, and establishes a statement made by oculists that as near-sighted people grow older their sight improves; it has not done so in my case, but I now perceive that I have only to wait long enough. At 115 this lady will be, doubtless, able to read the vessels' names, and exchange signals with them with her pocket-handkerchief. So far the advocates of longevity can boast of their example; but she has a daughter, a young creature of 87, who comes to see her at the workhouse, doubtless (being Welsh) in a hat even taller than those in the modern fashion. A fellow-countryman of hers, we are told, met this maiden the other day, and asked her (as in the ballads) whither she was going. "I am going to see my mother, Sir," she said ("Sir, she said," probably repeated). "Oh, yes, I dare say," replied the rude Welshman: "a likely story. You with a mother alive? yah!" and so on. If this is the sort of treatment which our daughters, in the flower of their age, are likely to meet with, until people get used to our being centenarians, it certainly seems another reason why we should remain as we are.

I am sorry to see that even a cyclist now and then gets into trouble. The advocates of this admirable form of exercise would fain persuade us that its effect is so wholesome as to render any curvature in the path of rectitude impossible; but Black Care finds room to sit even behind the bicycle. The last peccadillo committed by a disciple of the wheel was humorous, but had the drawback of being at the expense of one of his own profession. Hawks should not pick out hawks' een. Scene: a desolate moor with rainfall. *Dramatis personæ*: champion cyclist, riding priceless two-wheeled steed (with money on it) from London to York; and Samaritan sitting on mile stone. A screw gets loose, and cyclist falls; all, he thinks, is lost (including his bets and honour), when Samaritan comes to the rescue. He "knows something of bicycles," he says, and has a miniature screw-driver in his pocket. He mends what is amiss and mounts the machine "just to see if it is all right." Alas, he "mounts and rides away" at 19½ miles an hour—the full velocity of the machine. In answer to the wild despairing cry for restitution, he shrieks back either "I will see you at York" or "I will see you at York first"—the victim is not sure which, and I am afraid it does not much matter.

I have not yet been to see "The Spanish Armada"—I am told an admirable spectacle—at Drury-Lane, but one of the advertisements of it is very attractive. It informs us that the Inquisition "existed more as a State tribunal than an ecclesiastical court," and that "Pontiff after Pontiff" issued several bulls protesting against it. They were, however, only Spanish bulls, issued not in mercy to heretics, but in jealousy of the

Crown, who claimed to appoint the inquisitors. "Pontiff after Pontiff"—beginning with one misnamed "Innocent," who set in motion the holy office against the unhappy Albigenses—approved and consecrated it. What is the use of attempting to whitewash the wickedness of the Past by seven-and-six-penny advertisements in the daily papers? Twenty years ago or so, on the occasion of representing the Massacre of St. Bartholomew upon the stage, it was similarly stated that the Pope of the period had exceedingly disapproved of the event, and only struck a medal to commemorate it from aesthetic motives or for fun. Who is so foolish as to be imposed upon by this sort of rubbish? Of course it was not the Catholics only who, under pretence of religion and doing good to those who differed from them, indulged themselves in these ferocities. Calvin did not burn Servetus—as a schoolboy puts his dormouse too near the fire—in a well-meaning attempt to do him good. Cruel natures infuriated by opposition have shown themselves the same in all ages, and in all creeds. Why should we seek apologies for the ruffianism of the Past because it hypocritically wore the garb of religion? And, above all, whom are they supposed to please? It was gravely asserted during the late tercentenary of the Armada, that our Court had communicated with that of Spain to disclaim any intention of wounding her national susceptibilities; but these daily apologies to Sextus XIV. (obit 1484) for a stage scene at Drury-Lane in 1888 are much more humorous. They have ceased now; but again I ask, Whom *were* they meant to please?

The teetotallers are very strong in stories; where the apostles of other sects preach sermons, they tell anecdotes—all, of course, proying the ruin that comes from touching so much as a drop of brandy, and the "bitters" that always accompany a glass of sherry even though you have not ordered them. Here are a couple of temperance stories which, I believe, are as new as stories can reasonably be expected to be. A certain Canon, warm and something more for "the cause," was almost driven out of his mind this summer by watching the calm enjoyment with which a strange divine in the coffee-room of his hotel was getting through his bottle of port. It would have been horrible in a layman, but that one of his own cloth should thus deliberately poison himself, and with such evident contentment, was intolerable. If it had been a pint bottle he could have stood it, but it was a quart bottle, and the way the man held his glass up to the candle to see whether the wine was "moving itself aright," brought the Canon's righteous indignation up to boiling-point. At last he could not stand it, or rather sit it out, any longer. He was a kindly-hearted man, and perhaps did not altogether despair of the poor fellow's future; or, perhaps, he wished to express a somewhat "larger hope" than expectation warranted; but, at all events, pointing to the blue ribbon at his button-hole, he exclaimed, "Ah, Sir, you'll be one of us yet!" "Not a bit of it," was the curt (and wholly unexpected) rejoinder; "never was drunk in my life, Sir!"

A friend of mine was asked to dinner the other day by an excellent fellow, who was not only a teetotaller, but enjoyed a still higher moral position as a vegetarian. My friend accepted the invitation with some alarm, but he was a man who recognised virtue in everybody, and cared little for creature comforts. Unlike some persons of his strong opinions the other recollects that he was a host first and a vegetarian afterwards, and had provided fleshmeat for his guest. It was not good meat; in fact, it was exceedingly bad, but it was meat, and my friend was thankful for it. "I have some wine, too," observed the host, graciously; "foreign wine." My friend did not much like that word "foreign, which he had hoped would have been superfluous, but he expressed his satisfaction that his own weakness for a glass had been thus consulted. Then he tasted it—took, in fact, a good gulp at it. "It was never fermented," observed the host boastfully. "Then, begad, Sir, it's been fermenting ever since," exclaimed my unfortunate friend, and he is not well yet.

It is difficult for those who are wine-drinkers to understand the views of their friends as to liquor. Long before the teetotal days an instance of this was chronicled by Barham (I think, in his "Life of Hook"). A man who liked his glass was accustomed at long intervals to visit a friend who was a water-drinker; on one occasion a very fine bottle of port was produced for him, on which he pronounced a due eulogium. A year after, he called again, but was treated very differently; the wine set before him was so vile indeed that he complained of it. "Now, that only shows," exclaimed his host triumphantly, "what affection there is in you wine-drinkers. Twelve months ago you praised the wine I gave you, and now you abuse it; yet, as it happens—for I know no topers but yourself—it's the very same identical bottle that I opened for you when you were here last."

A gentleman has written from Ojee—which is not a post town, but a hitherto unknown island in the South Seas—to tell his friends that he is there with only two companions—shipwrecked like himself in 1858—and badly off for clothing. The letter was composed four years ago, ready to be sent should opportunity offer, so that by this time he must be still more unfashionably attired. It is asked, not without reason, why he didn't come home himself by the whaler that brought his letter; but the fact is when you have been a "castaway" for thirty years the profession "grows upon you." It is not generally known that when Alexander Selkirk returned home after his prolonged residence in Juan Fernandez he found the excitement and dissipation of Largo much too much for him. After that touching recognition by his mother in church (at which he appeared in gold lace) he seems to have soon got tired of the sensation his arrival created. So far as the charms of his society were concerned, he might just as well never have come home, for his friends saw nothing of him; he went out early in the morning, with provisions for

the day, and picnicked, all by himself, in desolate spots; and in the evening went straight to bed without so much as saying "Good night" to anybody. His chief amusement was the teaching a couple of cats to dance. He constructed a cage in his father's garden where he used to sit looking out to sea and ejaculating "What a fool I was to have come back to Largo; I wish I was on my island again," till his friends began to wish it too. He was not, however, quite so "insular" as he appeared, for one fine day he eloped with a young woman, "leaving his sea-chest and clothes behind him"; and twelve years afterwards another young person, purporting to be his widow, appeared at Largo, claimed them and "administered to his estate."

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is still at Balmoral, in good health, takes walks and drives nearly every day. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who arrived at Abergeldie on Sept. 27, visited the Queen in the afternoon. The Marquis of Hartington and Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. In the afternoon of the 28th her Majesty drove with Princess Alice of Hesse to Abergeldie, and visited the Princess of Wales. Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended by Colonel Clarke, went to Invercauld and joined Sir Algernon Borthwick in a grouse-drive. Madame Albani Gye had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family on the 29th; the Duchess of Albany and Princess Frederica were present. Prince Henry of Battenberg joined Prince Albert Victor of Wales at Glen Muick in a drive which Mr. Mackenzie had for black game. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 30th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday, Oct. 1, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, as well as Princess Frederica of Hanover, visited her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales left Vienna on Sept. 28 for Pesth, where he arrived in the evening, and was received at the railway station by Mr. Barrington, the British Consul-General. On the morning of the 29th his Royal Highness received Professor Vambery, with whom he had a long conversation. The Prince then took a drive through the streets of the town, visited the Art Exhibition and Commercial Museum, and witnessed performances in the People's Theatre and Royal Opera House, winding up the evening by a visit to the National Casino. On the 30th the Prince dined at the National Casino, where his portrait, by Angeli, was unveiled in presence of numerous members of the Hungarian aristocracy. His Royal Highness arrived on Oct. 1 at Miskolcz, in Hungary, where he reviewed the Hussar regiment of which he is honorary Colonel. A hearty and enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the Prince by the spectators, who thronged the route. At two o'clock the civil authorities came to the hotel to pay their respects to his Royal Highness, who, through Count Apponyi, conveyed to them his most cordial thanks for the brilliant reception accorded to him at Miskolcz. The Prince drove off at four o'clock in the afternoon to attend some races organised by the corps of officers. Next day his Royal Highness returned to Pesth, and left in the afternoon for Bucharest.

General Sir Henry Ponsonby, on behalf of the Queen and Royal family, and Colonel Clarke, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, were present on Sept. 28 at the funeral of Mrs. Hull, who was for many years in the service of her Majesty as nurse.

In response to an appeal from the Bishop of London, the Mercers' Company have granted £262 10s. to the Corporation of the Church House.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved to prepare a concise history of the work of the Board from its establishment to the present time.

A stained glass window, which has been placed in Manchester Cathedral in memory of General Gordon, and was unveiled on Sept. 29, is the gift of Mr. C. J. Schofield to the Dean and Chapter; and is the work of Messrs. Wilson and Whitehouse, 3, Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1887) of the Right Hon. Margaret Anne, Baroness Audley, late of No. 15, Gloucester-square, widow of the late Right Hon. George Edward, Baron Audley, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on Sept. 29 by George Bickersteth Hudson, the nephew, Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., and Rowland Nevitt Bennett, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £154,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 each to the Hon. Mary Thicknesse Touchet and the Hon. Emily Thicknesse Touchet; £2500 each to Agnes Mary Ford Beckingsale and Isabella Mary Hudson; £3000 and her case of diamond, emerald, and ruby rings to her friend Lady Nicholson; £300 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington) and the London Orphan Asylum (Watford); £20,000 and her house and stables, Gloucester-square, with the furniture and effects therein, to her nephew, George Bickersteth Hudson; £15,000 to her nephew, George Frederick Hudson; all her pictures and prints to her brother, the Rev. Thomas Dawson Hudson, with a request that he will not sell them, but remove them to his house, Frogmore Hall, Herts; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said brother, the Rev. Thomas Dawson Hudson, absolutely.

The will (dated July 14, 1876), with two codicils (dated March 10, 1880, and July 6, 1888), of Sir John Hardy, Bart., J.P., late of Dunstall Hall, Stafford, and formerly of No. 7, Carlton House-terrace, who died on July 9 last, was proved on Sept. 28 by Sir Reginald Hardy, Bart., Gerald Holbeck Hardy, and Lawrence Hardy, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,033,482. The testator, after stating that, by an indenture of settlement, his mansion house, Dunstall Hall, and certain lands and messuages in Stafford, are, subject to his life interest, settled on his son Reginald, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively in tail male, with divers remainders over, leaves all his other freehold and copyhold lands and hereditaments in the county of Stafford and elsewhere, and all his pictures and statuary, upon the like trusts and conditions as contained in the said indenture. He gives all his shares and interest in the Low Moor Company and all the funds comprised in his marriage settlement (his wife, Lady Laura Hardy, having predeceased him) to his three sons, and £20,000 to his son Gerald. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fifth to his children, upon trust, for his son Reginald for life, and then to his children as he shall appoint; one fifth each to his two sons Gerald Holbeck and Lawrence, upon the like trusts; and the remaining one fifth between his said three sons.

## THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.

A rapid and effective success has attended the resumption of military operations by the British Indian Government against the hostile forces of Thibet on the Sikkim frontier. The petty native State of Sikkim, which is situated in the Himalayas, above three hundred miles almost due north of Calcutta, having the Darjeeling district of Bengal, with a well-known sanitary station, to the south of it, is bounded on its north and east sides by Thibet. Sikkim is a rugged mountainous region, sixty-six miles long from north to south and fifty-two miles broad, with a population much less than 100,000, ruled by a native Rajah, who is in feudal dependence on the British Indian Empire, receiving a grant of £1200 a year, nominally as compensation for his cession of Darjeeling many years ago. He seems, however, to own a divided allegiance, having a territory in the Chumbi valley, which is claimed as a dependency of Thibet, and receiving from the Lamas of Thibet an additional pension of £200 a year, while his summer residence is in Chumbi, and his winter residence at Tumlong, in Sikkim. A mountain range, from 15,000 ft. to 17,000 ft. high, running from north-west to south-east, separates the Sikkim from the Chumbi territory, and is crossed by the Chola Pass, the Nathula and Yakla, the Jalapla or Jyelapla Passes, and the Pembiringo Pass; the two passes last named, with the Kupup valley below them, afford the nearest routes of advance from Gnatong, in Sikkim, which is the base of British military operations. The line of the Thibetan frontier on the east of Sikkim, where it divides that State from the Chumbi Valley, has always been well known and understood; consequently, the erection of the fort at Lingtu, on the direct line of road between Darjeeling and Lhassa, at a distance of only forty miles from the former town, was an act which it was impossible to tolerate. The present hostilities can only result in the expulsion of the Thibetans from the Chumbi territory, which juts down between Sikkim and Bhotan. Chumbi is a village where the Rajah of Sikkim has a small summer palace with a handsomely gilt roof. About fifteen miles to the north, along a very easy road, is a frontier fort called Phari or Parjung, where there are usually three Chinese officials and thirty mounted soldiers; the fort is 1500 paces round, and the walls are of rubble stone, 30 ft. high. These are the two principal places in the valley. The Chumbi Valley is the only point where our territory comes into direct contact with that of Thibet, and if the result of the present quarrel be to establish rather more satisfactory relations between British India and Thibet, the main trade route of the future will doubtless lie through the valley. Whether our military operations will be extended beyond it, must depend in great measure on the attitude of the Thibetan Government; but in whatever treaty may be arranged hereafter, due regard will doubtless be had to the trade of the future. Thibet has long been a coveted market to the Assam planters, but the difficulties raised by the Lamas have prevented any exchange of our tea against the wool which is their staple product.

The repulse of the Thibetan attack on the British position at Gnatong, which took place on May 23, will be in the recollection of our readers. Since that date, "Fort Graham," named from the commanding officer, has been erected on the site of the camp before existing at Gnatong. It is 12,600 ft. above the sea-level, and is, we believe, the only military work ever yet constructed at such an altitude. Its walls are composed of strong stockade work, loop-holed about 8 ft. above the ground. The huts inside, built of rough logs and planks, are mostly bullet-proof. The main entrance is by the Lingtu gateway, defended by two mountain guns; other guns, placed on the north front near the flagstaff, command the valley in which is the intrenched camp occupied by reinforcements lately arrived, consisting of the head-quarters battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment and the second battalion of the 1st Ghoorkas. The whole work of constructing this fort, which may be regarded as impregnable by the Thibetans, has been executed by the 32nd Pioneers and two companies of the Derbyshire Regiment, with materials got from the forests that cover the surrounding hills.

The British field-force, under the command of Colonel Graham, has now driven the Thibetans far away from all the frontier passes, capturing their fortified positions shown in the Sketches which we have engraved this week. On Sept. 25 Colonel Graham pursued the enemy to Rinchin-gaon, or Rinchin-gong, and next day advanced to Chumbi, while the Thibetans, completely routed, had fled to Pari and Bhotan. The Rajah of Sikkim had also fled from Chumbi, and was supposed to have taken refuge in Thibet. Colonel Graham's force has returned by the Jalapla Pass to Gnatong.

In addition to the Sketches with which we are favoured by one or two of the officers of the Sikkim field-force at Gnatong, we have been permitted to copy, from Vol. III. of the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the views of the Chola Pass, the Yakla Pass, and the Jalapla Pass, drawn by Sir Richard Temple and presented to the Society with a paper which he read there. The second volume of Sir Richard Temple's interesting "Journals in Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim, and Nepaul," published last year by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., may be consulted with advantage for its exact description of Sikkim, aided by very good maps. One of the views we now present shows in the distance, looking westward, the famous Himalayan mountain summit of Kinchinjunga (more correctly written "Kanchanjunga"), which is 28,156 ft. high; but Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar, rises to 29,000 ft.,

being the loftiest mountain on earth. Chumalari, which is, with Kanchanjunga, also marked in our Map, has a height of 23,650 ft. The official orthography of names of several places, in the Map we have copied, slightly differs from common newspaper usage; thus we read "Darjiling" instead of "Darjeeling"; and "Jelapla" is more strictly notified as "the Jyelap La"; the word "la" being, in Thibet, the ordinary term for "pass," as in the "Cho-la," or water-pass, and the "Yak-la," which is the pass of that useful beast of burthen, the Yak.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 2.

In the political world the most complete disorder prevails. In view of the opening of Parliament, fixed for Oct. 15, the Deputies are beginning to return to Paris, and to exchange views in the lobbies of the Chamber. The Deputies of the Governmental majority seem particularly alarmed both on account of the discontent to be remarked in the provinces and on account of the little confidence placed by the masses in the Premier, M. Floquet. Minister Goblet, in a speech made recently in Picardy, and now much commented upon, has not hesitated to declare that all is going wrong in France, and to depict in the most sombre terms the progress of the Boulangist faction; "Yes, a faction," said M. Goblet, "for there is no question here of party or of programme; there

captain, a machinist, and a steerer. What is to be done with this boat, how she is to be armed, what services she may render from the military point of view, are questions that have to be determined. At present, the experiments being made are to test the navigability of the boat, and to see what improvements can be made in the construction.

The theatrical season begins, as usual, with revivals of last summer's successes, or with successes of years ago. One would think, indeed, to judge from an inspection of the playbills, that the dramatic activity of France is diminishing, and her vaunted superiority in this department no longer a reality. The *Français*, for instance, can do no better than revive Georges Sand's "Français le Champi"; the *Châtelet* has just served up an old "Cendrillon" in new dresses; the *Porte Saint-Martin* is playing the "Tour de Nesle," and about to revive the "Courrier de Lyon"; the *Vaudeville*, the *Variétés*, the *Folies Dramatiques*, the *Menus Plaisirs* have no new thing to offer. The *Ambigu*, it is true, has produced this week a commonplace melodrama, full of tears and emotion, called "Roger la Honte"; but this is simply the dramatisation of a feuilleton novel published by the *Petit Journal*. Where are the new pieces? Where are Messieurs les auteurs dramatiques?

In view of the approaching Exhibition the Prefect of Police is preparing to clean the streets of Paris—I mean to clean them morally. The first steps have been the arrest of a few hundred horrible creatures of both sexes who have for months infested the boulevards night and day, and the publication of a decree prohibiting the vendors of newspapers and broadsheets to cry anything but the simple title of their wares.

Still in view of this wonderful Exhibition, MM. Alfred Stevens and Henri Gervex, the distinguished painters, are at work on a panorama of the history of the century, 1789-1889, commencing with Louis XVI. and Mirabeau, and ending with Victor Hugo and President Carnot. T. C.

The Queen-Regent of Spain and the members of the Royal family arrived at Madrid on Oct. 2 from San Sebastian.

The ceremony which is considered as the final one of the Pope's Jubilee year was performed on Sunday, Sept. 30, at St. Peter's, at Rome, in the presence of an immense assemblage of pilgrims and others. Both on entering and departing, Leo XIII. was greeted with loud cheers.

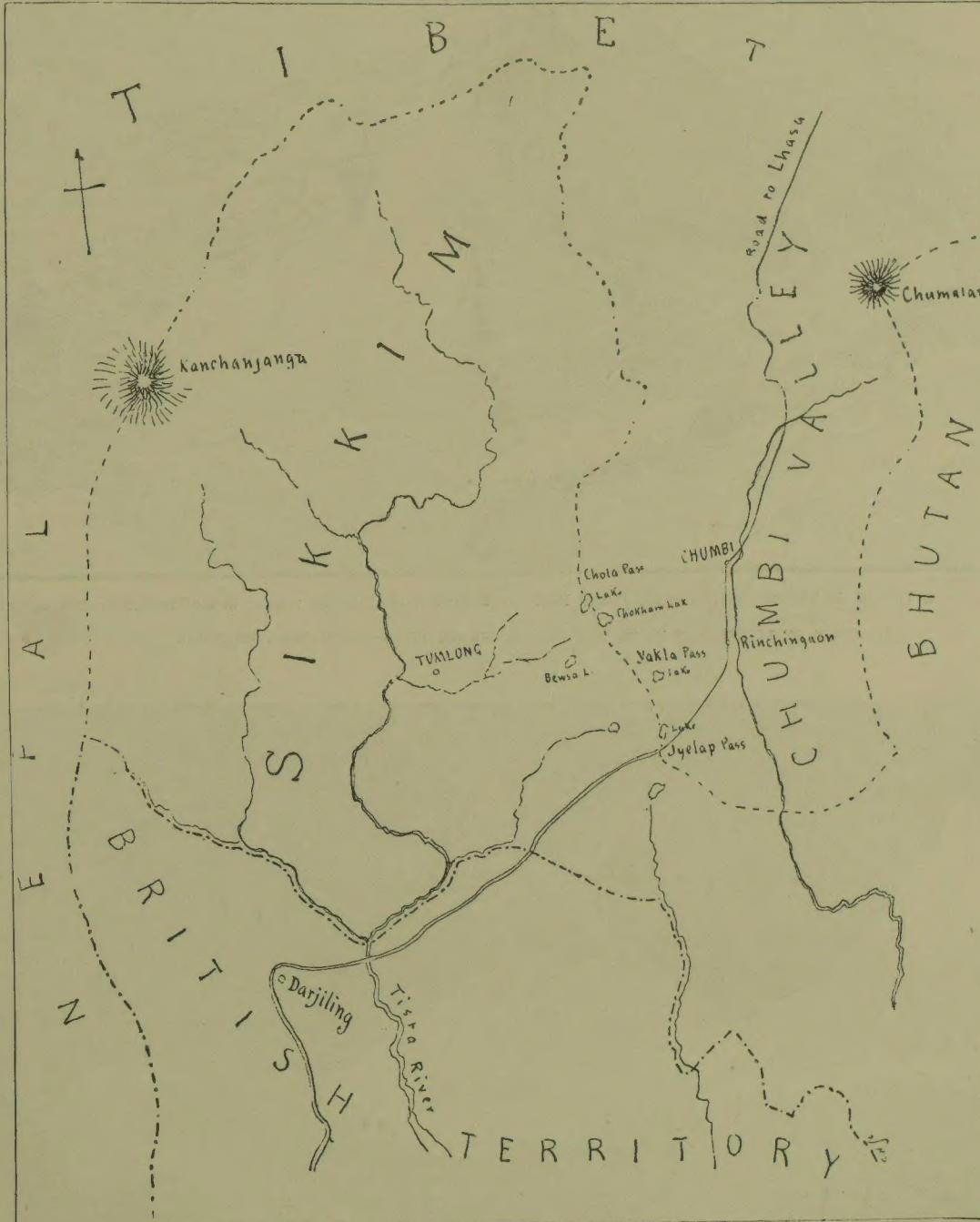
The meeting of the International Commercial Law Congress has been held at Brussels; a considerable number of English, French, American, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian, and even Japanese delegates attending. Questions connected with bills of exchange and maritime conflicts were discussed.

The Emperor of Germany arrived at Stuttgart on the evening of Sept. 27, and was received at the railway station by King Louis and all the Princes of the House of Württemberg. The Emperor and the King drove, amid the acclamations of the people, to the Royal Castle, where his Imperial Majesty was received by the Queen and the Princesses. The streets leading from the station to the castle were brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Emperor's visit. Next day the Emperor was entertained at a State banquet, his Majesty's health being proposed in cordial terms by the King of Württemberg. In reply, the Emperor expressed the pleasure it gave him to visit Württemberg, a country that enjoyed such great prosperity and that had given to Germany so many famous rulers. His Majesty arrived at Constance late on the night of Sept. 28, and was received by the Grand Duke of Baden. The Royal party went by special steamer to the Island of Mainau, the shores of the lake being brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor reached Munich on the evening of Oct. 1, amid the firing of a Royal salute, and was received at

the railway station by the Prince Regent and the members of the Bavarian Royal house, the Ministers, the principal officers of the Army, and other notabilities. Leaving Munich on the 2nd, his Imperial Majesty entered Vienna next morning, where he was received with a stately ceremonial. Early on Oct. 1 the Empress Frederick, with her daughters, left Potsdam for Kiel, where her son, Prince Henry, lives, and where an English squadron is at present anchored. She arrived at Kiel at nine in the evening, and drove to the palace. There was no official reception. Her Majesty has sent a portrait of her late Consort to the English Jockey Club, of which he had been a member since the year 1881.—Prince Bismarck has obtained the Emperor's consent to prosecute the publishers of the Emperor Frederick's diary, on the ground of the revelation of State secrets. Professor Dr. Geffcken, the contributor of the extracts to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, is in custody, and has undergone an examination.

On the occasion of the opening of a park in the suburbs of Vienna on Sept. 30 by the Emperor Francis Joseph, his Majesty said that the barrier separating Vienna from its suburbs should be removed as soon as possible. The Emperor's promise was received with general enthusiasm.—The Empress of Austria returned to Schönbrunn on the 30th after her yachting excursion among the Greek islands. Her Majesty has rented a villa for three months at Gaturion, in the island of Corfu.

Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, came of age on Sept. 26. The King has appointed him a Lieutenant in the Royal Life Guards, and conferred on him the Order of the Elephant, the highest Danish Order. The King of the Hellenes has presented the Prince with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Saviour.—The Scandinavian and International Exhibition in Copenhagen was officially closed on Oct. 2.

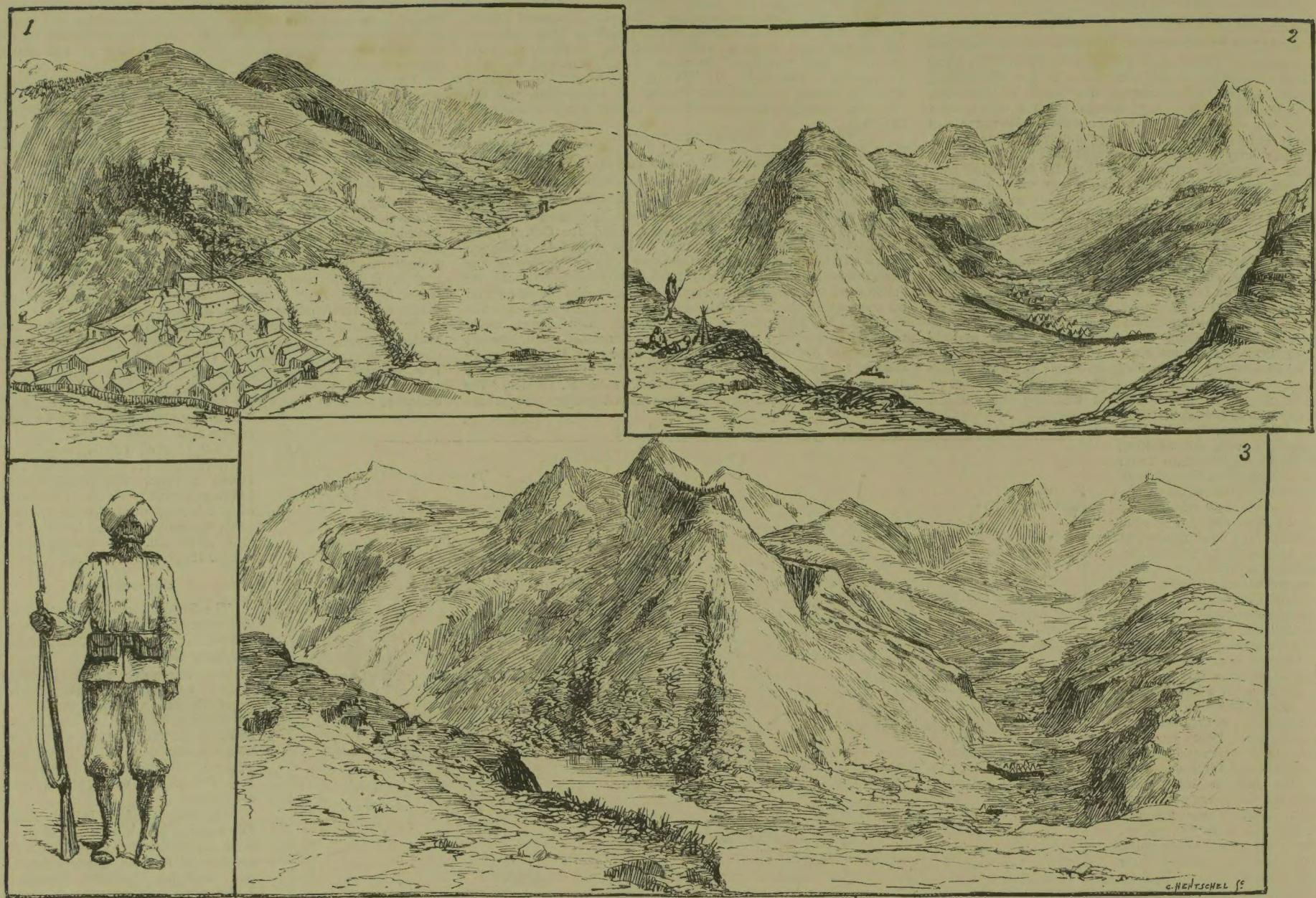


SKETCH-PLAN OF THE SEAT OF WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.

is no question of serving an idea, but merely a personal ambition." M. Goblet then asks how in such political conditions can the other countries respect France. "What can foreign Powers think of the future of France when they are wondering to which faction she will belong to-morrow? What relations can be had, what alliances hoped for, when no security can be offered?" This is all true enough, and the fact that a Republican Minister has the courage to admit the alarming progress of Boulangerism is a proof how great the danger is. In the immediate future of France one sees nothing but the inevitable triumph of Boulanger. Even the Comte de Paris is obliged to admit this, since he orders his partisans and loyal subjects to go to the next electoral battle under Boulanger's flag. Even his worst enemies would not attribute to the Comte de Paris the foolish thought that Boulanger, dictator of France, will immediately offer his own black charger to Philip VII. and proclaim him King à la Monk. *Pas de danger!* "Vive Boulanger!" does not mean "Vive Philippe VII!" or "Vive Napoléon IV!" It means "Hurrah for something new!"

The *Journal Officiel* having published a decree reorganising the school of aerostation at Chalais, the press has begun to call for legislation concerning this new means of locomotion.

Great curiosity has been excited by the announcement of the trials of the new submarine boat, *Le Gymnote*, now being made in the harbour of Toulon. This boat has been designed after the ideas of the famous engineer, Dupuy de Lôme, by M. Zédé and Captain Krebs, who has, it appears, solved the problem of balloon motors and steering apparatus. The boat—56 ft. long and 6 ft. in diameter—is described as a huge Whitehead torpedo, having a displacement of thirty tons, and an estimated speed under water of nine to ten knots. The electric motor, of 55-horse power, drives the screw directly, without any gearing, at the rate of two hundred evolutions a minute, and weighs, with the Combelin-Desmazures accumulators, a little less than two tons. The crew consists of a



1. Fort Gnatong, Sikkim.

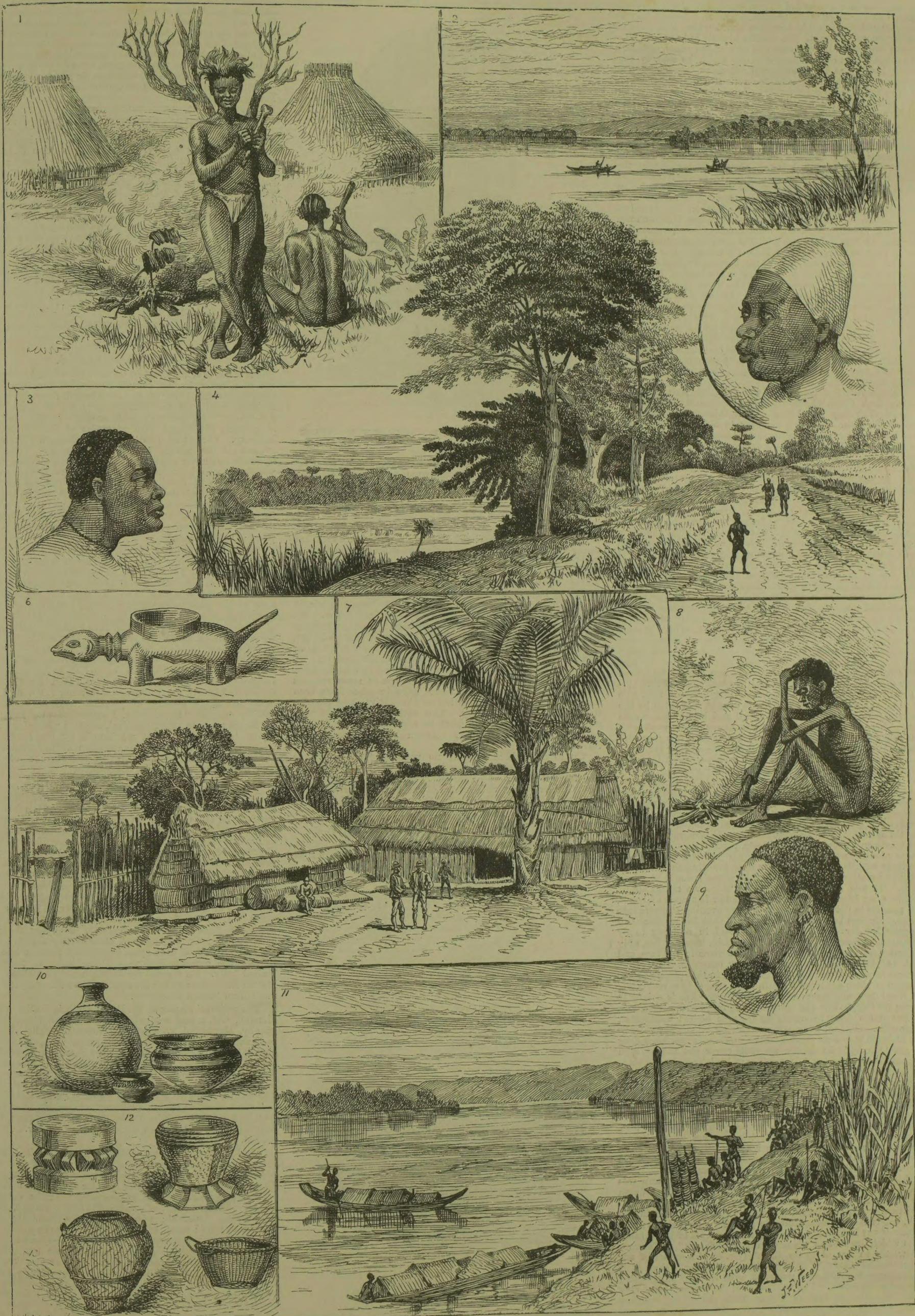
2. View of the Thibetan position in the Jalapla Pass.

3. View of the Thibetan position in the Pembiringo Pass, east of the Jalapla.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT H. DE T. PHILLIPS, SIKKIM FIELD-FORCE CAMP, GNATONG.



THE YAKLA PASS AND LAKE.



1. Cannibal Scene in Village near Nassibu's Camp on the Aruwimi.  
2. Yawami, one hour's canoe voyage above Yabsuta, on the Congo.  
3. Fanyimba, an Arab Slave Owner.  
4. Our Promenade, looking up the River from the Camp.

5. Majuta (Mr. Jameson's boy).  
6. Carved Tobacco-Bowl, bought from Selim's Manyemas.  
7. A Corner in the Camp at Yambuya.  
8. Fallidi-bin-An.

9. Native of Diva, between Yambuya and the River Congo.  
10. Native Pottery, Aruwimi Rapids.  
11. Shore, with Fishing-Canoes, at Yabsuta, Congo River.  
12. Native Utensils, Aruwimi Rapids, Limbayo.  
13. Basket.

## THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

Mr. Ward has often assured me of the existence of cannibalism in certain Central African districts. Last year he forwarded to me four sets of cannibal knives and forks. They were engraved in *The Illustrated London News*. In a general way he has referred to this subject as one about which there was no longer reason for doubt. Mr. Stanley himself had not been altogether explicit in his evidence one way or the other, although the alleged Soko or chimpanzee skulls which he sent to Professor Huxley, as his readers will remember, turned out to be human. Whatever they were, the natives of the village where Stanley found them confessed they had eaten the bodies, which they called "Wajimi meat." It is only quite recently that the truth has come out. Stanley suspected it. He offered large rewards for a specimen of a "Soko" alive or dead. He saw plenty of skulls of the creature, but could procure no other evidence. This was at a village above Stanley Falls. It is now pretty well understood that these trophies must have been the remains of human beings. Cannibalism exists in the great basin of the Congo, on sundry of its tributaries, and was active in the neighbourhood of the camp at Aruwimi. In a special letter from Mr. Ward lately received, he gives me not only some startling details of cannibalism on the Aruwimi river, but an illustration of the ghastly business drawn on the spot. On Sunday, Feb. 26, 1888, he says:—"I went this morning to Nassibu's Camp, which is situated about an hour's march from our camp on the Falls (Aruwimi). He received me with much ceremony, and, at my request, drummed to the natives, who were in two clearings at the back of his camp. A number came, and went through the usual demonstrations of surprise at seeing a white man. Among them were about a dozen young women, with pleasing countenances and beautifully-moulded limbs. They would have been worthy models for a sculptor. I selected a man as a model for myself, but it was very difficult to induce him to stand still while I sketched him. I then started for their village with Majuta, Mr. Jameson's boy, carrying my bag, and Fida, a native woman who has been with the Arabs some time, to interpret from Swahili into the native language.

"Almost the first man I saw was carrying four lumps of human flesh (with the skin on) on a stick, and through Fida I found that they had killed a man this morning and had divided the flesh. She took me over to a house where some half-dozen men were squatting, and showed me more meat on sticks in front of a fire; it was frizzing and the yellow fat was dripping from it, whilst all around was a strong odour which reminded me of the smell given out by grilled elephant meat. It was not yet the general meal-time, they told me, but one or two of the natives cut off pieces of the frizzing flesh and ate it and laughed at Majuta, who, being disgusted, held his nose and backed into the bush. I spoke with the natives through Fida, and they told me from what parts the meat was cut. One tall, sturdy native was quietly leaning against a tree and picking off pieces of flesh from a thigh bone with great relish. Other dainty joints were grilling at the fire. I send you a sketch of the scene, and some day shall hope to tell you all the horrible details of the cannibal habits and customs which prevail in this strange country."

The accompanying Illustrations are of more individual than typical interest. No. 3 is an Arab slave-owner; No. 5 is Majuta (Jameson's boy); and No. 9 is a native of Diva, a village between Yambuya and the Congo River. The miserable looking wretch (No. 8) is a grim suggestion of the condition of the native warriors and carriers at the camp in the early days of the present year. The white men struggled through their privations, as they always do, more successfully than their dark companions. Says Ward, in a letter dated Feb. 18:—"I went to Selim's camp to-day, and they told me that two more of their men (Arabs) had been caught and eaten by the natives, whose village they had raided and burnt some weeks ago. This will probably make Selim angry, as he went with Barttelot much against his will, and only left a few men and his women. This eternal waiting is awful—waiting for what never comes! Day after day passes; we see no fresh faces, we hear no news. Many of our men are daily growing thinner and weaker, and are dying off. Poor wretches! they lie out in the sun, on the dusty ground, most of them with only a narrow strip of dirty loin-cloth; and all the livelong day they stare into vacancy, and at night gaze at a bit of fire. It was a pitiable sight, a few days ago, to see an emaciated skeleton crawl, with the aid of a stick, after a corpse that was being carried on a pole for interment. He staggered along, poor chap, and squatted down alongside the newly-made grave and watched the proceedings with large round sunken eyes, knowing that it would only be a matter of a few days and he himself would be a dead man. He told me in a husky voice, 'Amekwa rapiki angu' (he was my friend). Another poor fellow is a mass of bones, yet persists in doing his work, and every evening staggers into camp. He has been told to lay up, and that his manioc shall be provided for him, but he refuses, and in replying to my sympathetic remark that he was very thin, he said 'Yes, only a short time more, master.' Death is written in his face, and just as plainly in the faces of many others in this camp. Almost as many lives, I fear, will be lost in this philanthropic mission as there are lives of Emin Bey's people to save."

Ward does not say positively that Tippoo Tib is chiefly to blame for this, but he has continually referred to the suspicious nature of his delay in supplying the men he had undertaken to provide. On Jan. 18 he writes: "Selim-bin-Mahomed, who has hitherto been most pleasant and agreeable, is now beginning to get 'touchy.' Evidently we shall never get the 700 men Tippoo Tib promised us." In another of his letters, dated Feb. 8, he seems to forecast poor Barttelot's fate. "To-day," he writes, "I am orderly officer. An old empty cartridge-box was picked up in the river (Aruwimi) to-day; it was much broken and sodden; it must have been floating down the river for a very long distance. Selim-bin-Mahomed told me this morning that Bungari, the escaped prisoner, had told him, preparatory to escaping, that his life was not worth living, marching up and down in the hot sun all day, and that he knew he would be shot when caught, and that he intended shooting Barttelot dead before he would be captured."

The Sketch (No. 4) of the Aruwimi near the camp was made after a botanising trip with poor Jameson, whose death by fever is one of the latest known calamities of the expedition. "This picture," he writes, "I have done in Indian ink, but it is very uncomfortable painting out-of-doors; this is one of our hottest days, and there are swarms of black sandflies which draw blood whenever they attack one." In January he writes in regard to the Sketch (No. 4) of a corner of our "Intrenched Camp, Yambuya, Aruwimi River," that it is picturesque but dull, and wretched with waiting and hoping for orders to move. "The weather fine," he writes, "river very low. Massibu, an Arab of Tippoo Tib's, visited us, bringing some Stanley Falls rice and a goat. He told us an absurd yarn of Abdullah having seen Stanley. Jameson continues collecting birds and painting them. We sketched the second rapids from below the camp. We have not sufficient medicine, and very little food. The Zanzibaris and Soudanese are suffering seriously, and there are many deaths."

"The carved wood tobacco-bowl" (No. 6), he writes, "I bought from one of Selim's Manyemas. The bowl is constructed on the back of some legendary animal—half leopard, half elephant. On this day of the tobacco-bowl (March 3) one of Selim's head Arabs is below with twenty tusks of ivory. Bonny has seen some Arabs from Abdullah's camp, sixteen

of the best-known men in the colony. Having been elected, in 1856, as member for Hanley Borough, he was, on the introduction of responsible government, appointed Colonial Treasurer in the Donaldson Administration. He continued a member of the Assembly until 1863, and two years later received a seat in the Legislative Council. Six years ago, he returned to England, and has during that period devoted all the leisure that a lingering illness allowed him, with large pecuniary gifts, to works of charity and benevolence. His remains were interred in Abney Park Cemetery, in the presence of Sir Saul Samuel and other representatives of the colony; but the most striking feature of the scene was the presence of the poor from all parts of London to testify to the loss they had sustained.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

## THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER.

We lately announced that Government had nominated to the See of Chester the Rev. Canon Francis John Jayne, who since 1886 has been the Vicar of Leeds in succession to the Rev. Dr. Gott, transferred to the Deanery of Worcester. The See of Chester was rendered vacant by the translation of Dr. Stubbs to the See of Oxford. The Vicar of Leeds will have spent but a short time among the people of that town, where he has won popularity and esteem. Born in or about 1844, he was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar. He took a first class in Moderations, and a first class in *Literae Humaniores* and in Law and History in 1868, in which year he was elected a Fellow of Jesus College. He was Senior Hall Houghton Greek Testament Prizeman in 1870. He was ordained in 1871, and was tutor of Keble College till 1878, and then was appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He was Whitehall Preacher in 1875-77, and Select Preacher at Oxford in 1884.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Heslop Woods, of Leeds.

## ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for October opens with a descriptive article, one of a series by Mr. Joseph Hatton, on provincial clubs; Liverpool being this month the selected town. Mr. Marcus B. Huish continues his interesting "Notes on Japan and its Art-Wares." Lacquerwork is the subject of this paper, which is profusely illustrated with examples of this wonderful art-industry. The Swiss painter Arnold Böcklin furnishes the subject of an article by Miss H. Zimmern. The Alpine Republic has never been counted among art-producing nations, yet she has at least this one son of whom she may well be proud. Born at Basel in 1827, Böcklin has resided in and studied at most of the great art-centres—Düsseldorf, Brussels, Paris, and Rome—and has painted many pictures remarkable for their originality and imaginative power. The frontispiece to this issue is an etching of Mr. Briton Rivière's clever picture, "Spilt Milk."

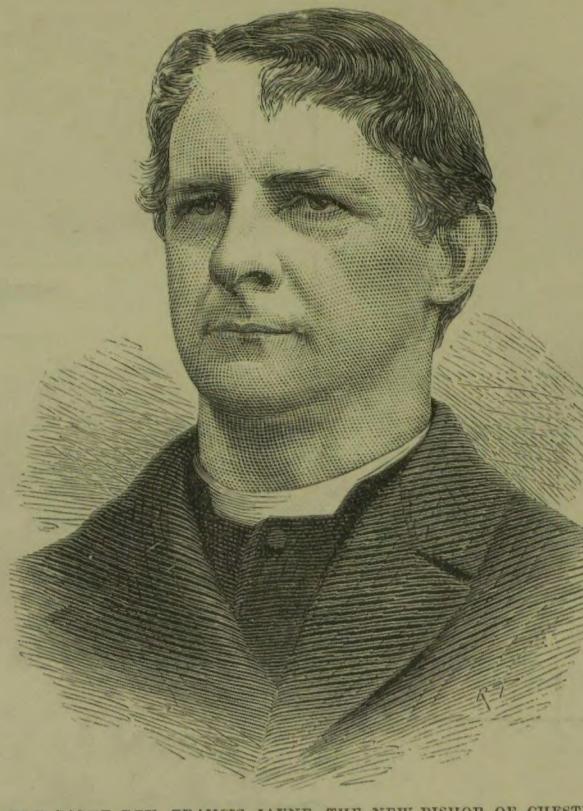
The October number of the *Magazine of Art* contains an extremely interesting paper by Mr. Lewis Wingfield on "Art in the Theatre." Few persons have more knowledge of, and experience in, the difficult art of costume-designing for the stage than Mr. Wingfield, who has arranged the dresses for some of the most successfully-mounted London performances. A monograph by Mr. H. Spielman accompanies a fine engraving of a portrait by himself of the late Frank Holl, R.A., whose recent death, while still in the prime of his life and his art, has caused such a blank in the ranks of the English Academy. Mr. Walter Crane contributes another article on the art of design, treating this month of relief expressed in "The Language of Lines." The examples given by the writer, drawn by himself, are, as always, charming. Mr. W. J. Loftie holds out great promise of pleasure to come in his forthcoming volume "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical"; for in his paper in this periodical, entitled "Kensington Fifty Years Ago," not only do we benefit by the learning and research employed in the compilation of the coming work, but we are permitted to see many of the sketches of Old and New Kensington which will illustrate it.

Lord Brassey has been presented at Normanhurst Court with a testimonial subscribed for by inhabitants of Hastings, without regard to party, in recognition of his twenty-four years' association with the borough, his eighteen years' service as Parliamentary representative, and his munificence towards churches, schools, chapels, and other useful institutions. The presentation took the form of a portrait of Lord Brassey by the late Frank Holl, a valuable sextant, and an illuminated address and album containing the names of the subscribers.

A banquet was given on Sept. 29 by the Italian colony and exhibitors at the Italian Exhibition to Mr. J. R. Whitley and Colonel J. T. North, respectively the Director-General and President of the Reception Committee. Replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Whitley said that during the five months the Exhibition had been opened, 1,258,000 persons had visited it, and the exhibits had proved the immense resources of United Italy. He expressed a strong conviction that a second Italian Exhibition next year would meet with every encouragement from Italian exhibitors.

The artisans' classes at the Royal Victoria Hall reopened on Monday, Oct. 1, and comprise arithmetic, physiology, physiography, shorthand, chemistry, astronomy, English literature, mechanics, machine drawing, electricity, &c., many of the classes being in connection with the Science and Art Department. On the 2nd, after a lecture entitled "Science in the Saucepans," by Professor Carlton Lambert, the certificates gained by the students last session were presented by Sir P. Magnus. The winter series of ballad and operatic concerts at the above hall commenced on the 4th with a ballad concert, when Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Hilda Coward, and Messrs. Chilley, Thurley Beale, and Egbert Roberts sang and Mr. John Child recited.

Half the financial year 1888-9 has now expired, and the revenue receipts thus far strengthen the prospect of a surplus considerably in excess of the estimates made six months ago. The revenue returns for the quarter just ended show the following items of increase, as compared with the corresponding period of last year:—Customs, £137,000; stamps, £50,000; Post Office, £100,000; telegraph service, £25,000; miscellaneous, £84,312; total, £396,312. The departments in which there has been a decrease are the following:—Excise, £10,000; house duty, £10,000; property and income tax, £160,000; interest on purchase money of Suez Canal shares, &c., £756; total, £180,756. The net increase on the quarter is £215,556. The comparison of the half-year with the corresponding period of last year shows a net increase of £480,589; the items of increase are £233,000 from Customs, £20,000 from excise, £350,000 from stamps, £250,000 from the Post Office, £40,000 from the telegraph service, £20,000 from Crown lands, and £218,345 from miscellaneous. The decreases in the half-yearly comparison are £25,000 from house duty, £625,000 from property and income-tax, and £756 from interest on purchase money of Suez Canal shares, &c.



THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS JAYNE, THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER.

days above. They say they will bring us back the two men who deserted from Stanley some months ago. This awful delay of news from Stanley bodes misfortune, and we are all compelled to conclude that he has met with trouble and is in difficulties—if not worse. A brave, skilful, and determined man, a hero, one hopes and hopes he may be safe and well."

The unknown difficulties which Mr. Stanley must have encountered are sufficiently demonstrated by the known difficulties which have beset his followers in a region which had become familiar to them, and under the express cognisance of Stanley's Arab ally, Tippoo Tib. If this gentleman and his officers have been so remiss in the fulfilment of their undertakings almost within easy reach of settled Congo stations, what may have happened to Stanley in the wilderness is full of painful possibilities. Major Barttelot lost his life in endeavouring to organise a party to follow his leader. Mr. Jameson has succumbed to fever, probably induced by anxiety and worry in the same direction. In one of Ward's letters, dated early in the year, he states, with a sympathetic expression of regret, that both Jameson and Barttelot look very ill. The obstacles in the path of an advance towards Wadelai must be enormous. The dangers, while they have in some respects been reduced by the Arab alliance, have in other ways been increased by it. The Arabs harass the natives, and plunder them of ivory and slaves. The natives everywhere seek reprisals on the Arabs; it must be a difficult thing for the native mind to discriminate between Stanley's people and their Arab allies.

Up to date there is still no news of Stanley. It is beginning to be felt that it will be impossible for anything like efficient aid to be sent out either to him or to Emin Bey, except under the active direction of the Government, and with a sufficient and carefully officered force. JOSEPH HATTON.

## THE LATE HON. THOMAS HOLT.

This gentleman, who died on Sept. 5, at his residence, Halcot, near Bexley, Kent, formerly held high political office in New



THE LATE HON. THOMAS HOLT,  
Formerly Finance Minister of New South Wales.

South Wales. He was born in 1811, at Harbury, in Yorkshire, and at an early age entered the business carried on by his father, who was a wool-stapler. After spending several years in different parts of the Continent, he went to Australia, in 1842, and there settled. During a residence of forty years in New South Wales, he amassed a large fortune, and became one

## COALING THE STEAMER, JAMAICA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, contributes a Sketch of the scene that he witnessed on the arrival of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company's vessel at the port of Kingston, Jamaica. His comment on the mode of operations is vigorously severe, and may help to procure some amendment; so we publish it just as he wrote it:—

"I think I may safely say that the manner of coaling steamers in Kingston, Jamaica, is unique; and I know that I share the feeling of every official, resident, and passenger, when I say that the sooner it is done away with, and a better system is introduced, the better it will be for all. As at present performed, it is a disgrace to Jamaica; and it is astounding that an English colony can put up with such a barbarous practice. As soon as a steamer is sighted, negro men and women, who are engaged all the year round at this occupation, are collected; and the moment the ship is moored to the landing-wharf, stages are run aboard, and these black human two-legged animals are at once set to work coaling the ship. It is needless to say that there are 70 per cent of women to the men, who are generally too lazy to do any work at all. The work is carried on utterly regardless of the comfort of the passengers, or their sufferings from the coal-dust, which penetrates every crevice of the ship, and settles on every exposed part of the human body. Passengers, ladies as well as men, as they land, have to pass through the most ghastly clouds of coal-dust; and during the tedious waiting at the Custom House they are still enveloped in this black mist of carbon, till they eventually arrive at the hotel, more resembling the negroes than white ladies and gentlemen. The wind invariably blows from one quarter, and it is utterly impossible to avoid this torture. The coaling-women's dresses are tucked up to the knees, and the dirtier and older the dress the better. While filling their baskets from the enormous stack of coal, and transporting it on board, they indulge in ribald songs and the coarsest of language, fortunately in such broken English that it is not easily understood by the newly-arrived passengers. Nevertheless I have heard many English ladies and gentlemen condemn the whole scene as an outrage on decency, and offensive to those who are bound to travel by the Royal Mail steam-ships. It is very seldom that a ship is coaled without some of these female barbarians quarrelling, and eventually settling their dispute by tucking up their sleeves, and engaging in what looks like a woman prize-fight, the blood flowing freely after a very short encounter. When I have expressed my opinion to those in charge, I have been told that it is the only way to get the work done; but I have seen ships coaled in most parts of the world, and never with so little regard to decency or convenience."

## BIRD GROUPS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

We present an Illustration of the latest and largest addition to the instructive series of groups of British birds, which attracts so many visitors to the Natural History Museum in Cromwell-road. These groups are intended to show the nesting habits of our birds, and include generally both the parents—some in their breeding dress; others sharing the inevitable duty of bird family cares; the rest with eggs or young, and as much of the surroundings of the nest as can be retained in a glass case of suitable size. In mounting these groups, imagination is not allowed to play any part; but if the natural surroundings cannot be preserved intact as a whole, such parts as are perishable, like leaves or flowers, are faithfully copied and reproduced from nature. The tree-mallow, with the puffin group, the sea-poppies in the tern-case, the bough of evergreen oak hiding the nest of the blackbird, are masterpieces from the hand of Messrs. Mintorn, of Soho-square, so true to nature as to satisfy the most exacting botanist.

A wall-case in the pavilion of the Bird Gallery, 4 ft. 6 in. long, 8 ft. 6 in. high, and 4 ft. deep, has been devoted to a small piece of the bird-life of the Bass Rock, one of the most celebrated stations on the east coast of Scotland, to which every spring countless multitudes of sea-birds resort for the purpose of breeding.

The position chosen for this group is a representation of two shelves, high up on the precipitous face of the rock, which are tenanted by two kinds of birds, the lower by the gannet or solan goose, the upper by the guillemot. Necessity has taught these birds to live together sociably and in peace. On the short lower shelf five pairs of gannets have found room for their nests; in one place may be seen the old bird on the nest, patiently attending to her single white egg; in another, the young gannet is on the point of emerging from the shell; in a third, the nestling, about a week old, is having its appetite satisfied, while two youngsters, of more advanced age, have been able to exchange their beds, which will require the washing of many a drenching shower, for a secure, clean, and sunny corner of the shelf. The guillemots occupy the upper shelf; they also do not mind how closely they are packed if there be only room for their large egg, which is coloured and spotted in many patterns, and which they lay on the bare rock, and incubate in a more or less upright position. A pair of kittiwakes, on the left side of the case, add not a little to the charm of this group. They have built, with some skill, their soft nest of seaweed and lichens, on a small platform of projecting rock, scarcely the width of two hands. The female is sitting on her eggs; the mate is watching for her from another projection close by.

The Bass Rock case is one of a number of cases now being set up under the direction of Dr. A. Gunther, F.R.S., who is at the head of the Zoological Department at the Museum, which are quite works of art in form and composition, as well as in general truth to nature, and are far in advance of anything of the kind we have had before. For the successful execution of this group, the authorities of the Museum are chiefly indebted to Mr. Edward Bidwell, who, in the first place, obtained a series of photographs of the nesting-places and breeding birds, and who also presented nearly all the specimens. From one of the photographs Miss E. C. Woodward made a small model, in clay, of the portion of the cliff selected, which was skilfully copied by the modeller attached to the Geological Department.

The restoration of the church of Cwmaman, South Wales, being completed, the parishioners have presented an east window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.

In St. Mary's Scottish Episcopal Church, Glasgow, on Sept. 29, Canon Harrison, of St. James's, Bury St. Edmunds, was consecrated Bishop of Glasgow by the Primate of Scotland. All the Scottish Bishops and several English Bishops, including the Bishops of Ely and Durham, assisted at the ceremony, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Iowa. There was a large congregation.

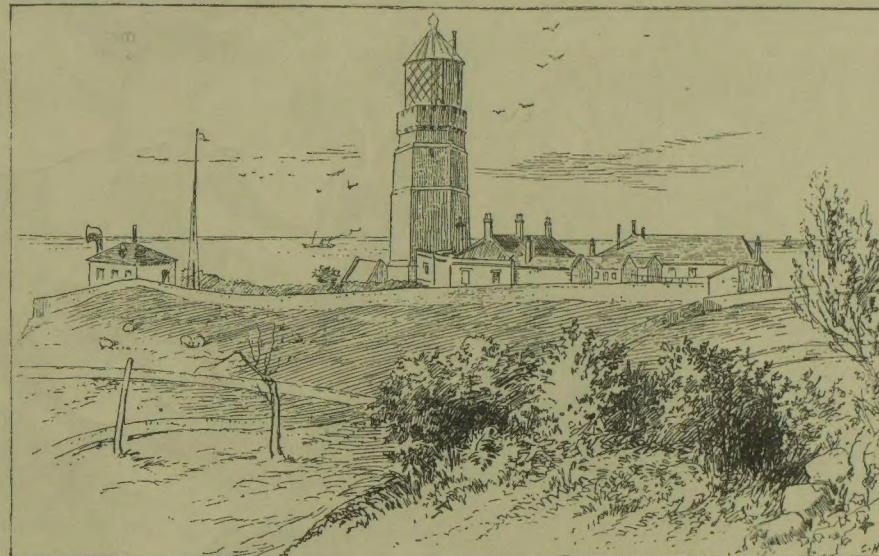
## "A HELPING HAND."

The Coloured Picture given as an Extra Supplement to this Number of our Journal is an out-of-door scene, under the bright sky of a southern clime in the Mediterranean; but the occupation of these two children, in their light and airy costume enjoying the glowing sunshine on a garden terrace, is identical with the occasional easy task of many English little girls and boys, sitting by the winter fireside in snug rooms at home. Few of us cannot remember, some time in our infancy, being asked by a mother or sister to hold a skein of thread for unwinding; and the sensations of increasing weariness in the rigid muscles of the arms, and of the relaxing hold of the skein on the steady hands, as its threads drew near their termination, abide as physical impressions after half a lifetime. It is an excellent lesson of patience, and the faithful performance of this little office is always deserving of a kiss of approval.

## THE ST. CATHERINE'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The light-house, now in full working order, on St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, shows an electric light equal in illuminating power to rather more than 6,000,000 candles. Every half minute, as the light revolves, a mighty flash of five seconds' duration sweeps around the sea, and is visible at the distance of forty-two miles. A commodious engine-room has been added to the establishment, containing three steam engines of twelve-horse power each, and two magneto-electric machines of the De Meritens type. Two of the engines are to work for lighting purposes, though only one is used, in connection with one of the machines, in clear weather. The third engine is to work the double-toned fog-horn, which has been greatly increased in power. In the lantern, carbons of very large sectional area, not circular but fluted, are used, and the optical apparatus is of sixteen sides or panels. As a precaution against breakdown, everything is in duplicate at least, with an oil light in reserve as well. An experienced engineer, Mr. Millett, has taken the place of principal, supported by a competent staff of assistant light-keepers. Mr. Millett served in the Crimean and Baltic naval operations, and was ten years in the Italian navy.

The only other light-houses on the coast of England at which the light is produced by means of electricity are Souter



ST. CATHERINE POINT ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Point, on the coast of Durham, between the mouths of the Tyne and the Wear; the South Foreland, where the two lights so well known to passengers across the Straits of Dover, were established a very long time ago, for the then three-fold purpose of leading clear of the Goodwin Sands, through the Downs and up and down the English Channel; and at the Lizard, on the Cornish coast, where two more lights mark the southernmost headland of that part of the Channel. The present St. Catherine's light is ten times more powerful than the best of them, the one on Souter Point. It is the most intensely brilliant light in existence on our shores.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

That infinitely droll little comedian Mr. Penley is making everyone laugh over his quaint performance in "Uncles and Aunts" at the Comedy, a theatre that is invariably patronised by the playgoers who cannot enjoy the theatre thoroughly unless it is preceded by a good dinner at the club. Plays that begin at nine o'clock suit these good people thoroughly well, and at present they are undecided whether to secure a stall to see Mr. Penley in the Haymarket or Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Hare down in Sloane-square. But whether a course or so is sacrificed or not, it is imperative that visitors to the Comedy should be in time to see Mr. Cecil Raleigh's vigorous and clever play "The Spy." There is enough material here for a four-act drama, a happy mixture of bright comedy and grim pathos; but the author has cleverly boiled it down into an hour's entertainment that rivets the attention and excites the spectator. It is as difficult to write a good one-act drama as a startling short story. It looks easy enough, but there's the rub. There is nothing mawkish or melodramatic about "The Spy," and for once in a way a modern dramatist has touched the true chord of human interest. And there is still another recommendation: the little play is well acted, and an actress of whom no great things were expected has suddenly come to the front. Miss Vane Featherstone has had her chance, and grasped it firmly. Hitherto known only as a pretty girl usefully employed in light comedy, she has suddenly proved herself to be an exceptionally clever actress of wide range, as earnest in her sentiment as she is gay and intelligent in her comedy. She plays the heroine in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's little play admirably, and her success comes at the right moment, when everyone was beginning to despair about the coming actress. Miss Featherstone certainly ought to be employed in better work than the frivolous wives and daughters of farcical comedy. She has been hidden for some time, and now that she has been discovered, the best use should be made of her talent.

"Festina lente" is a motto that has not been carefully taken to heart by Mr. Richard Mansfield. He received a courteous welcome and fair encouragement when he appeared as the revolting monster Hyde in the very unpalatable drama founded on Louis Stevenson's novel. It was confessed at the time that the part of Dr. Jekyll, which, after all, was the true acting test, could not compare with the groaning, mumbling, and gesticulating Hyde; and those who looked deeply into the matter could not quite see how it was that a young actor, intelligent enough, but evidently of limited resource, could,

in so short a time, have obtained such an enormous popularity in America. There was naturally an interest to see Mr. Mansfield in another character, particularly as the old Baron De Chevrial, in the "Parisian Romance." This was the character that first made Mr. Mansfield notorious. One day he suddenly found himself a star instead of a stock actor, because he had given a vivid, minute, and realistic rendering of the debauched old Parisian nobleman, a Sir Harcourt Courtley of the latter part of the nineteenth century. His performance was said to be a surprise in art. Unfortunately, in London it is looked at as no surprise at all. It is a leering and offensive old gentleman, adorned with most of the exaggerated tricks that made the wretched Hyde so very objectionable. We can quite understand that the constant playing of this man-monster has unbalanced Mr. Mansfield's nice sense of art. Already he develops tricks and manœuvres, and forces his effects instead of suggesting them. The constant falsetto, the wagging of the lower jaw, the mumbling manner, are cases in point. Nearly every detail is too highly coloured, and the actor seems incapable of concealing his art. That Mr. Mansfield is clever, daring, and observant cannot be doubted. But he has as much to learn as to unlearn; and certainly he is not strong enough as an actor, or finished enough as an artist, to come over here to play the monsters of modern fiction at one of our most important theatres, and with an indifferent American company. All talent is welcome in England, but Mr. Mansfield is not powerful enough as a star. We have seen in this country Lafont, St. Germain, Got, and Regnier; we have claimed in similar kind of parts such strong actors of genius as Robson, George Belmore, and Dominic Murray; we have seen old men played by William Farren, Alfred Bishop, and John Hare; but it would be as sensible for either of these last, with Arthur Cecil thrown in, to star in America, as for Mr. Mansfield to do so here. In time to come, no doubt, he may be a great actor; but at present his art may be better explained as elaborate artifice. It is unfinished, crude, and requires discretion and discipline. It was an unfortunate mistake also to exhibit Mr. Mansfield's company in a purely Parisian play, requiring style and a grand manner. At the best, Octave Feuillet's "Roman Parisien" is not a good play. Its sentiment is exaggerated; its construction feeble; its interest slight. To make matters worse, it has been translated into inflated, silly, and "penny-journal" language, and has been handed over to the tender mercies of interpreters, who are doubtless very deserving people, but wholly deficient in manner. Mr. Mansfield, who is an excellent vocalist, would be well advised to try "Prince Karl." The public, in these days of aggravated horrors, show no disposition to take delight in fiends like Hyde, or gross sensualists like this French Baron. We don't want to see innocent gentlemen done to death on the stage by men-monsters; or the exhibition, however clever, of a blasphemous death by a paralytic seizure.

The diversity of opinion shown by critics in the case of Mr. Richard Mansfield's acting and of "The Monk's Room," a new sombre drama, written by a Mr. John Lart and produced at the Globe, is a little startling. Some people consider Mr. Mansfield a genius; others a clever entertainer. Some hold that Mr. Lart has written a powerful play; others that he has wasted his time over useless and morbid material. But surely it will be conceded that "The Monk's Room" is a well-acted drama. At last Mr. Willard has got out of the stereotyped groove and widened the field of his art. He can play the passionate lover as well as the cynical villain. Mr. Hermann Vezin has seldom acted better than as the grim old Socialist whose god is humanity; and Miss Alma Murray is evidently delighted with her artistic companions, and ably seconds their efforts. The subject of "The Monk's Room" may not be very cheerful, but, in its way and of its school, a better acted play is not to be found in London. It deserves the attention of students of the art of acting.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on the occasion of their benefit at Manchester on Sept. 28, produced a new and original comedy of strong interest by Mr. A. W. Pinero. It is called "The Weaker Sex," and in its humorous scenes satirises the movement for granting the franchise to women, and amiably laughs at the strong-minded female who makes speeches and indulges in eccentric costume. Mr. Righton has been specially engaged for a funny little member of Parliament under petticoat government, and makes every clever line tell that he has to deliver. But, of course, there is a serious side to the play. Mrs. Kendal is seen at her very best as a proud, passionate, and deeply-loving widow, who finds, to her horror, that her daughter has engaged herself to the only man to whom the mother is deeply attached. This powerful and sympathetic actress pours the whole strength of her talent on the hopes, the fears, the disappointment and anguish of Lady Vivash; but we fear that, unless a bold alteration is made in the present dénouement, the play will not prove acceptable in London. We shall see. Meanwhile, it is an undeniably clever play, and it is excellently acted. Mr. Kendal, Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Denison, all distinguish themselves in it; and it has been received with enthusiasm by Manchester audiences.

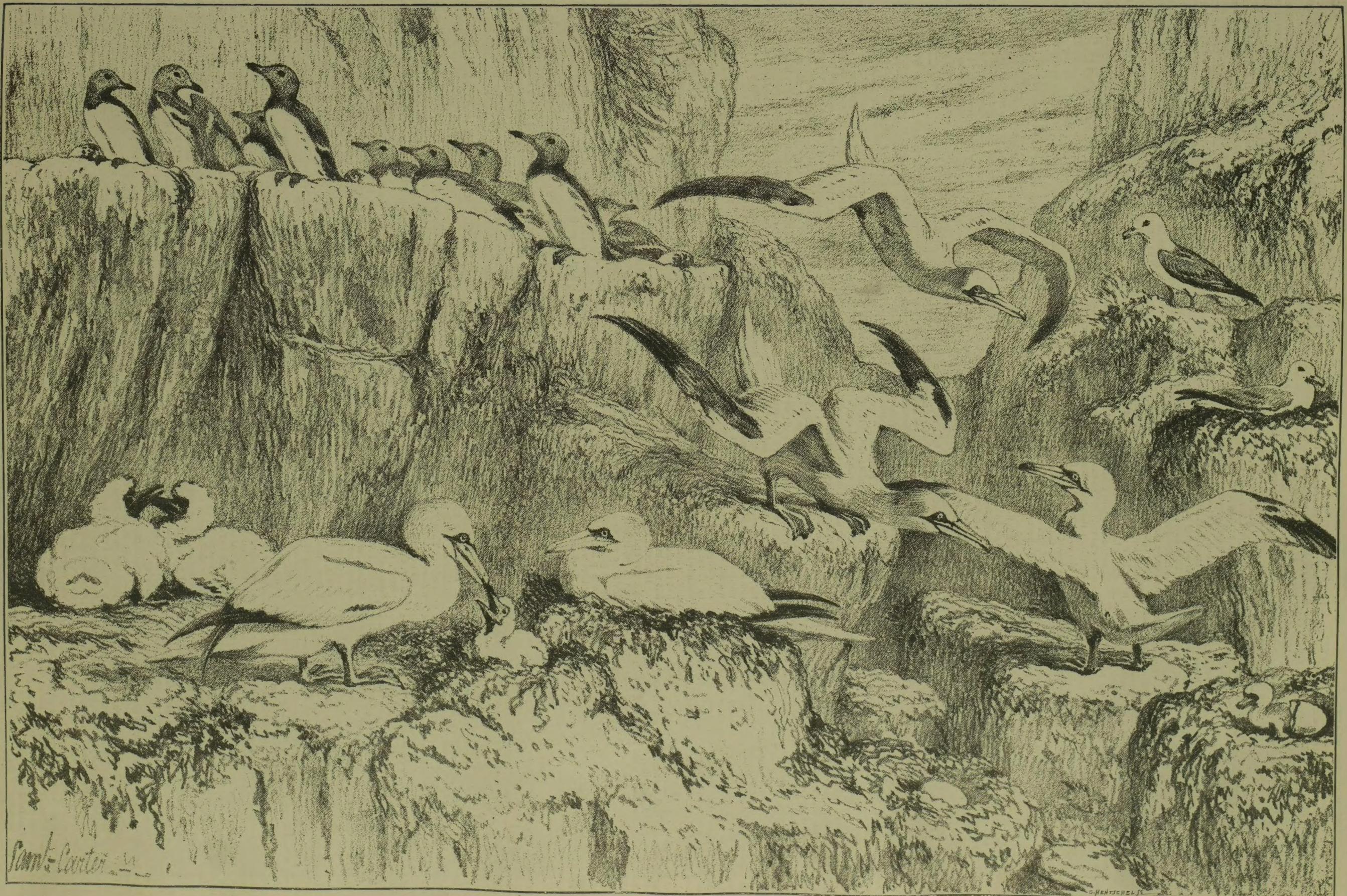
The theatrical event of the week—unfortunately too late in it to be described—was, of course, the production of the new comic opera at the Savoy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert was at the last moment overruled by his partners. He wanted to call the opera "The Beefeater," but it was held that in America they would not understand the word and its proper significance. It was argued that "Beefeater" would simply be taken for a nickname for John Bull and not a Royal sideboard-man (buffetier). So "The Yeoman of the Guard" was substituted instead, for this is the strict military term for a Tower Beefeater, who, by the way, used to stand under the Royal box when the Queen used to go to opera or theatre in state. It was whispered in advance that the play is in a far more serious vein than usual, and treads upon the confines of grand opera. It is sure to be amusing and wholesome; and may Mr. Gilbert have in store for us pages of jokes, and Sir Arthur Sullivan a budget of melodies, that will keep the girls at the piano for months to come! We have waited long for a bright successor to the "Mikado" and to "Ruddigore," and it is pleasant to think that the winter evenings will be brightened with the last song and the choicest chorus from the "Yeoman of the Guard."

So far the autumn plays have succeeded admirably. They have been turning money away from Drury-Lane, where "The Armada" is going splendidly. Unluckily, Mr. Leonard Boyne met with an accident; but both the authors are actors, and Mr. Henry Hamilton, without a moment's hesitation, went on as Vyvyan Foster, and played the part very cleverly.



COALING A STEAMER AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



BIRDS ON THE BASS ROCK.

IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

## FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.\*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

ILMINSTER CLINK.



CAN I tell—oh! how can I sit down to tell in cold blood the story of all that followed? Some parts of it for very pity I must pass over. All that has been told or written of the Bloody Assize is most true, and yet not half that happened can be told. There are things, I mean, which the historian cannot, for the sake of pity, decency, and consideration for living people, relate, even if he hath seen them. You who read the printed page may learn how in one place so many were hanged; in another place so many; how some were hung in gemmaces, so that at every cross-road there was a frightful gibbet with a dead man on it; how some died of smallpox in the crowded prisons, and some of fever; and how Judge Jeffreys rode from town to town followed by gangs of miserable prisoners driven after him to stand their trial in towns where they would be known; how the wretched sufferers were drawn and quartered and their limbs seethed in pitch and stuck up over the whole country; how the women and boys of tender years were flogged through market-towns—you, I say, who read these things on the cold page presently (even if you be a stickler for the Right Divine, and hold rebellion as a mortal sin) feel your blood to boil with righteous wrath. The hand of the Lord was afterwards heavy upon those who ordered these things; nay, at the very time (this is a most remarkable Judgment and one little known) when this inhuman Judge was thundering at his victims—so that some went mad and even dropped down dead with fear—he was himself, as Humphrey hath assured me, suffering the most horrible pain from a dire disease; so that the terrors of his voice and of his fiery eyes were partly due to the agony of his disease, and he was enduring all through that Assize, in his own body, pangs greater than any that he ordered! As for his miserable end, and the fate that overtook his master, that we know; and candid souls cannot but confess that here were truly Judgments of God, visible for all to see and acknowledge. But no pen can truly depict what the eye saw and the ear heard during that terrible time. And, think you, if it was a terrible and a wretched time for those who had no relations among the rebels, and only looked on and saw these bloody executions and heard the lamentations of the poor women who lost their lovers or their husbands, what must it have been for me, and those like me, whose friends and all whom they loved—yea, all, all!—were overwhelmed in one common ruin and expected nothing but death?

Our own misery I cannot truly set forth. Sometimes the memory of it comes back to me, and it is as if long afterwards one should feel again the sharpness of the surgeon's knife. Oh! since I must write down what happened, let me be brief. And you who read it, if you find the words cold where you would have looked for fire; if you find no tears where there should have been weeping and wailing, remember that in the mere writing have been shed again (but these you cannot see) the tears which belonged to that time, and in the writing have been renewed (but these you cannot hear) the sobs and wailings and terrors of that dreadful autumn.

The soldiers belonged to a company of Grenadiers of Trellawny's Regiment, stationed at Ilminster, whither they carried the prisoners. First they handcuffed Barnaby, but on his giving his parole not to escape, they let him go free; and he proved useful in the handling of the cart on which my unhappy father lay. And though the soldiers' talk was ribald, their jests unseemly, and their cursing and swearing seemed verily to invite the wrath of God, yet they proved honest fellows in the main. They offered no rudeness to us, nor did they object to our going with the prisoners; nay, they even gave us bread and meat and cider from their own provisions when they halted for dinner at noon. Barnaby walked sometimes with the soldiers, and sometimes with us; with them he talked freely, and as if he were their comrade and not their prisoner: with us he put in a word of encouragement or consolation, such as "Mother, we shall find a way out of this coil yet"; or "Sister, we shall cheat Tom Hangman. Look not so gloomy upon it"; or, again, he reminded us that may a shipwrecked sailor gets safe ashore, and that where there are so many they cannot hang all. "Would the King," he asked, "hang up the whole county of Somerset?" But he had already told me too much. In his heart I knew he had small hope of escape: yet he preserved his cheerfulness, and walked towards his prison (to outward seeming) as insensible of fear and with as unconcerned a countenance as if he were going to a banquet or a wedding. This cheerfulness of his was due to a happy confidence in the ordering of things rather than to insensibility. A sailor sees men die in many ways, yet himself remains alive. This gives him something of the disposition of the Oriental, who accepts his fate with outward unconcern, whatever it may be. Perhaps (I know not) there may have been in his mind that religious Assurance of which he had told me. Did Barnaby at this period, when death was very near unto him, really believe that there was one religion for landsmen and another for sailors—one way to heaven for ministers, another for seamen? Indeed, I cannot tell; yet how otherwise account for his courage and cheerfulness at all times—even in the very presence of death?

"Brother," he asked the Sergeant, "we have been lying hid for a fortnight, and have heard no news. Tell me how go the hangings?"

"Why, Captain," the fellow replied with a grin, "in this respect there is little for the rebels to complain of. They ought to be satisfied, so far, with the attentions paid to them. Lord Feversham hanged twenty odd to begin with. Captain Adlan and three others are trussed up in chains for their greater honour; and, in order to put the rest in good heart, one of them ran a race with a horse, being promised his life if he should win. When he had beaten the horse, his Lordship, who was ever a merry man, ordered him to be hanged just to laugh at him. And hanged he was."

"Ay," said Barnaby, "thus do the Indians in America torture their prisoners first and kill them afterwards."

"There are two hundred prisoners lying in Weston Zoyland church," the Sergeant went on; "they would have been hanged too, but the Bishop interfered. Now they are waiting

to be tried. Lord! what signifies trial, except to give them longer rope?"

"Ay, ay; and how go things in Bridgwater and Taunton?"

"From Weston to Bridgwater there is a line of gibbets already; in Taunton, twenty, I believe, have swung—twenty, at least. The drums beat, the fifes played, and the trumpets sounded, and Colonel Kirke drank to the health of every man (such was his condescension!) before he was turned off. 'Twould have done your heart good, Captain, only to see the brave show!"

"Ay, ay," said Barnaby, unmoved; "very like, very like. Perhaps I shall have the opportunity of playing first part in another brave show if all goes well. Hath the Duke escaped?"

"We heard yesterday that he is taken somewhere near the New Forest. So that he will before long lay his lovely head upon the block. Captain, your friends have brought their pigs to a pretty market."

"They have, Brother; they have," replied Barnaby, still with unmoved countenance. "Yet many a man hath recovered from worse straits than these."

I listened with sinking heart. Much I longed to ask if the Sergeant knew aught of Robin; but I refrained, lest merely to name him might put the soldiers on the look-out for him, should he, happily, be in hiding.

Next the Sergeant told us (which terrified me greatly) that there was no part of the country where they were not scouring for fugitives; that they were greatly assisted by the clergy, who, he said, were red-hot for King James; that the men were found hiding, as we had hidden, in linneys, in hedges, in barns, in woods; that they were captured by treachery—by information laid, and even, most cruel thing of all, by watching and following the men's sweethearts who were found taking food to them. He said also that, at the present rate, they would have to enlarge their prisons to admit ten times their number, for they were haling into them not only the men who had followed Monmouth, but also those who had helped him with money, arms, or men. The Sergeant was a brutal fellow, yet there was about him something of good nature and even of compassion for the men he had captured. But he seemed to take delight in speaking of the sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners. The soldiers, he told us, were greatly enraged towards the rebels—not, I suppose, on account of their rebellion, because three years later they themselves showed how skin-deep was their loyalty, but because the rustics, whom they thought contemptible, had surprised and nearly beaten them. And this roused in them the spirit of revenge.

"Captain," said the Sergeant, "'tis pity that so lusty a gentleman as thou shouldst die. Hast thou no friends at Court? No? Nor any who would speak for thee? 'Tis pity. Yet a man can die but once. With such a thick neck as thine, bespeak, if so much grace be accorded thee, a long rope and a high gallows. Else, when it comes to the quartering"—he stopped and shook his head—"but there—I wish you well out of it, Captain."

In the evening, just before sunset, we arrived at Ilminster, after a sad and weary march of ten miles, at least; but we could not leave the prisoners until we knew how and where they were bestowed; and during all this time my mother, who commonly walked not abroad from one Sabbath to the next, was possessed with such a spirit that she seemed to feel no weariness. When we rode all night in order to join the Duke she complained not; when we rode painfully across the hills to Taunton she murmured not; nor when we carried our wounded man up the rough and steep comb; no, nor on this day, when she walked beside her husband's head, careful lest the motion of the cart should cause him pain. But he felt nothing, poor soul! He would feel nothing any more.

Ilminster is a goodly town, rich and prosperous with its spinners and weavers. This evening, however, there was no one in the streets except the troopers, who swaggered up and down or sat drinking at the tavern door. There is a broad open place before the market, which stands upon great stone pillars. Outside the market is the Clink, whither the soldiers were taking their prisoners. The troopers paid not the least heed to our mournful little procession—a wounded man; a prisoner in scarlet and lace, but the cloth tattered and stained and the lace torn. They were only two more men on their way to death. What doth a soldier care for the sight of a man about to die?

"Mother," said Barnaby, when we drew near the Prison gates, "come not within. I will do all that I can for him. Go now and find a decent lodging, and Sister, hark ye, the lads in our army were rough, but they were as lambs compared with these swaggering troopers. Keep snug, therefore, and venture not far abroad."

I whispered in his ear that I had his bag of money safe, so that he could have whatever he wanted if that could be bought. Then the Prison gates were closed, and we stood without.

It would have been hard indeed if the wife and daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin could not find a lodging among godly people, of whom there are always many in every town of Somerset. We presently obtained a room in the house of one Martha Prior, widow of the learned and pious Joshua Prior, whom preacher and ejected minister. Her case was as hard as our own. This poor woman had two sons only, and both had gone to join the Duke: one already risen to be a Master Sergeant, and one a Draper, of the town. Of her sons she could hear no news at all: whether they were alive or dead. If they were already dead, or if they should be hanged, she would have no means of support, and so must starve or eat the bread of charity. (I learned afterwards that she never did hear anything of them, so that it is certain that they must have been killed on the battle-field or cut down by the dragoons in trying to escape. But the poor soul survived not long their loss.)

The church of Ilminster stands upon a rising ground; on the north of the church is the grammar school, and on the other three sides are houses of the better sort, of which Mrs. Prior had one. The place, which surrounds the churchyard, and hath no inn or ale-house in it, is quiet and retired. The soldiers came not thither, except once or twice, with orders to search the houses (and with a private resolution to drink everything that they might lay their hands upon), so that, for two poor women in our miserable circumstances, we could not have a more quiet lodging.

Despite our troubles, I slept so well that night that it was past seven in the morning when I awoke. The needs of the body do sometimes overcome the cares of the spirit. For a whole fortnight had we been making our beds on the heather, and, therefore, without taking off our clothes; and that day we had walked ten miles, at least, with the soldiers, so that I slept without moving or waking all the night. In the morning I dressed quickly and hurried to the jail, not knowing whether I might be admitted or should be allowed speech of Barnaby. Outside the gate, however, I found a crowd of people going into the prison and coming out of it. Some of them, women like ourselves, were weeping—they were those whose brothers or lovers, husbands or sons, were in those gloomy walls. Others there were who brought, for such of the prisoners as had money to buy them, eggs, butter, white bread, chickens, fruit, and all kinds of provisions; some brought wine, cider, and ale; some, tobacco. The warders who stood

at the gates made no opposition to those who would enter. I pressed in with a beating heart, prepared for a scene of the most dreadful repentance and gloomy forebodings. What I saw was quite otherwise.

The gates of the prison opened upon a courtyard, not very big, where the people were selling their wares, and some of the prisoners were walking about, and some were chattering with the women who had the baskets. On the right hand side of the yard was the Clink itself; on the left hand were houses for the warders or officers of the prison. In general a single warder, constable, or headborough is enough for a town such as Ilminster, to keep the peace of the prison, which is for the most part empty, save when they enforce some new Act against Nonconformists and fill it with them or with Quakers. Now, however, so great was the press that, instead of two, there were a dozen guards, and, while a stout cudgel had always been weapon enough, now every man went armed with pike and cutlass to keep order and prevent escapes. Six of them occupied the gate-house; other six were within, in a sort of guard-house, where they slept on the left hand of the court.

The ground floor of the Clink we found to be a large room, at least forty feet each side in bigness. On one side of it was a great fireplace, where, though it was the month of July, there was burning a great fire of Welsh coal, partly for cooking purposes, because all that the prisoners ate was cooked at this fire; and partly because a great fire kept continually burning sweetens the air, and wards off jail fever. On another side was a long table and several benches. Thick wooden pillars supported the joists of the rooms above; the windows were heavily barred, but the shutters had been taken down, and there was no glass in them. In spite of fire and open windows, the place was stifling, and smelt most horrible. Never have I breathed so foul an air. There lived in this room about eighty prisoners (later on the numbers were doubled); some were smoking tobacco and drinking cider or ale; some were frying pieces of meat or smoked herrings over the fire; and the tobacco, the ale, the wine, the cooking, and the people themselves—nearly all country lads, unwashed, who had slept since Sedgemoor, at least, in the same clothes without once changing—made so foul an air that jail fever, putrid throats, and smallpox (all of which afterwards broke out) should have been expected sooner.

They were all talking, laughing, and even singing, so that, in addition to the noisome stench of the place, there was such a din as one may hear at Sherborne Fair of an evening. I expected, as I have said, a gloomy silence with the rattling of chains, the groans of those who looked for death, and, perhaps, a godly repentance visible upon every countenance. Yet they were all laughing, except a few who sat retired and who were wounded. I say that they were all laughing. They had nothing to expect but death, or at the best to be horribly flogged, to be transported, to be fined, branded, and ruined. Yet they laughed! What means this hardness and indifference in men? Could they not think of the women they had left at home? I warrant that none of them were laughing.

Among them—a pipe of tobacco in his lips and a mug of strong ale before him on the table, his hat flung backwards—sat Barnaby, his face showing, apparently, complete satisfaction with his lot.

When he saw us at the door, he rose and came to meet us.

"Welcome," he said. "This is one of the places where King Monmouth's men are to receive the honour due to them. Courage, gentle hearts. Be not cast down. Everywhere the prisons are full, and more are brought in every day. Our very numbers are our safety. They cannot hang us all. And hark!" here he whispered, "Sister, we now know that Colonel Kirke hath been selling pardons at ten pounds, twenty pounds, and thirty pounds apiece. Wherefore we are well assured that somehow or other we shall be able to buy our release. There are plenty besides Colonel Kirke who will sell a prisoner his freedom."

"Where is your father?" asked my mother.

"He is bestow'd above, where it is quieter, except for the groaning of the wounded. Go up-stairs, and you will find him. And there is a surprise for you, besides. You will find with him one you little expect to see."

"Oh! Barnaby, is there new misery for me? Is Robin a prisoner?"

"Robin is not here, Sis; and as for misery, why, that is as you take it. To be sure the man above is in prison, but no harm will happen to him. Why should it? He did not go out with Monmouth's men. But go up-stairs—go up-stairs—and see for yourselves."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

I know not whom I expected to find in consequence of Barnaby's words, as we went up the dark and dirty stairs which led to the upper room. Robin was not a prisoner. Why—then—but I know not what I thought, all being strange and dreadful.

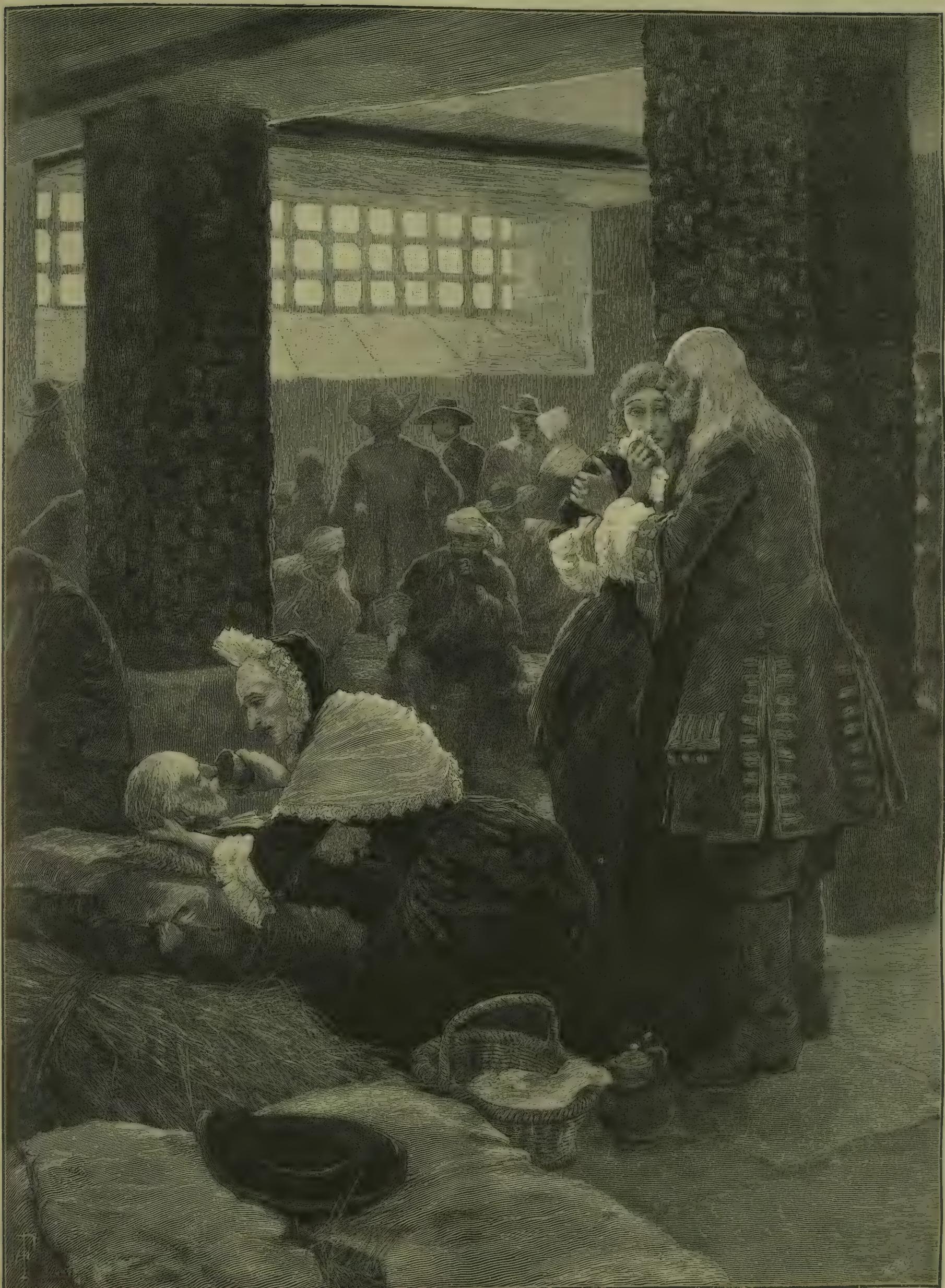
At the top of the stairs we found ourselves in a room of the same size as the lower chamber, but not so high, and darker, being a gloomy place indeed, insomuch that it was not for some minutes that one could plainly discern things. It was lighted by a low, long window, set very close with thick bars, the shutters thrown open so that all the light and air possible to be admitted might come in. It had a great fireplace, but there was no fire burning, and the air of the room struck raw, though outside it was a warm and sunny day. The roof was supported, as in the room below, by means of thick square pillars, studded with great nails set close together, for what purpose I know not. Every part of the woodwork in the room was in the same way stuck full of nails. On the floor lay half a score mattresses, the property of those who could afford to pay the warders an exorbitant fee for the luxury. At Ilminster, as I am told, at Newgate, the chief prison of the country, the same custom obtains of exacting heavy fees from the poor wretches clapped into ward. It is, I suppose, no sin to rob the criminal, the debtor, the traitor, or the rebel. For those who had nothing to pay there were only a few bundles of straw, and on these were lying half a dozen wretches, whose white faces and glazed eyes showed that they would indeed cheat Tom the Hangman, though not in the way that Barnaby hoped. These were wounded either in the Sedgemoor fight or in their attempt to escape.

My father lay on a pallet bed. His face showed not the least change; his eyes were closed, and you would have thought him dead; and beside him, also on a pallet, sat, to my astonishment, none other than Sir Christopher himself.

He rose and came to meet us, smiling sadly.

"Madam," he said, taking my mother's hand, "we meet in a doleful place, and we are, indeed, in wretched plight. I cannot bid you welcome; I cannot say that I am glad to see you. There is nothing that I can say of comfort or of hope, except, which you know already, that we are always in the hands of the Lord."

"Sir Christopher," said my mother, "it was kind and neighbourly in you to come. But you were always his best friend. Look at his poor white face!" she only thought upon her husband. "You would think him dead! More than a



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*Then he turned to me and kissed me, without saying a word.*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM,"—BY WALTER BESANT.

fortnight he hath lain thus—motionless. I think he feels no pain. Husband, if thou canst hear me, make some sign—if it be but to open one eye! 'No!' she cried. "Day after day have I thus entreated him and he makes no answer! He neither sees nor hears! Yet he doth not die; wherefore I think that he may yet recover speech and sit up again, and presently, perhaps, walk about, and address himself again unto his studies."

She waited not for any answer, but knelt down beside him and poured some drops of milk into the mouth of the sick man. Sir Christopher looked at her mournfully and shook his head.

Then he turned to me, and kissed me without saying a word.

"Oh! Sir," I cried, "how could you know that my father would be brought unto this place? With what goodness of heart have you come to our help!"

"Nay, Child," he replied gravely, "I came because I had no choice but to come. Like your father and your brother, Alice, I am a prisoner."

"You, Sir? You a prisoner? Why, you were not with the Duke."

"That is most true. And yet a prisoner. Why, after the news of Sedgemoor fight I looked for nothing else. They tried to arrest Mr. Speke, but he has fled; they have locked up Mr. Prideaux, of Ford Abbey; Mr. Trenchard has retired across the seas. Why should they pass me over? Nay, there were abundant proofs of my zeal for the Duke. My grandson and my grandnephew had joined the rebels. Your father and brother rode over to Lyme on my horses; with my grandson rode off a dozen lads of the village. What more could they want? Moreover, I am an old soldier of Lord Essex's army; and, to finish, they found in the window-seat a copy of Monmouth's Declaration—which, indeed, I had forgotten, or I might have destroyed it."

"Alas! alas!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Your Honour, too, a prisoner!"

Since the Sergeant spoke to Barnaby about the interest of friends, I had been thinking that Sir Christopher, whose power and interest, I foudly thought, must be equal to those of any Lord in the land, would interpose to save us all. And he was now a prisoner himself, involved in the common ruin! One who stands upon a bridge and sees with terror the last support carried away by the raging flood feels such despair as fell upon my soul.

"Oh! Sir," I cried again. "It is Line upon Line—Woe upon Woe!"

He took my hand in his, and held it tenderly.

"My child," he said, "to an old man of seventy-five what doth it matter whether he die in his bed or whether he die upon a scaffold? Through the pains of death, as through a gate, we enter upon our rest."

"It is dreadful!" I cried again. "I cannot endure it!"

"The shame and ignominy of this death," he said, "I shall, I trust, regard lightly. We have struck a blow for Freedom and for Faith. Well; we have been suffered to fail. The time hath not yet come. Yet, in the end, others shall carry on the Cause, and Religion shall prevail. Shall we murmur who have been God's instruments?"

"Alas! alas!" I cried again.

"To me, sweet child, it is not terrible to contemplate my end. But it is sad to think of thee, and of thy grave and bitter loss. Hast thou heard news of Robin and of Humphrey?"

"Oh, Sir!—are they, also, in prison—they are here?"

"No; but I have news of them. I have a letter brought to me but yesterday. Read it, my child, read it."

He pulled the letter out of his pocket and gave it to me. Then I read aloud, and thus it ran:—

"Honoured Sir and Grandfather,

"I am writing this letter from the Prison of Exeter, where, with Humphrey and about two hundred or more of our poor fellows, I am laid by the heels, and shall so continue until we shall all be tried.

"It is rumoured that Lord Jeffreys will come down to try us, and we are assured by report that the King shows himself revengeful, and is determined that there shall be no mercy shown. After Sedgemoor fight they hanged, as you will have heard, many of the prisoners at Weston Zoyland, at Bridgwater, and at Taunton, without trial. If the King continue in this disposition it is very certain that, though the common sort may be forgiven, the gentlemen and those who were officers in the rebel army will certainly not escape. Therefore I have no hope but to conclude my life upon the gallows—a thing which, I confess, I had never looked to do. But I hope to meet my fate with courage and resignation.

"Humphrey is with me, and it is some comfort (though I know not why) that we shall stand or fall together; for if I was a Captain in the army he was a Chyrurgeon. That he was also a secret agent of the exiles, and that he stirred up the Duke's friends on his way from London to Sherborne, that they know not, or it would certainly go hard with him. What do I say? Since they will hang him, things cannot very well go harder.

"When the fight was over, and the Duke and Lord Grey fled, there was nothing left but to escape as best we might. I hope that some of the Bradford lads will make their way home in safety: they stood their ground and fought valiantly. Nay, if we had been able to arm all who volunteered and would have enlisted, and if our men had all shown such a spirit as your valiant lads of Bradford Orcas, then, I say, the enemy must have been cut to pieces.

"When we had no choice left but to run, I took the road to Bridgwater, intending to ride back to that place, where, perhaps, our forces might be rallied. But this proved hopeless. There I found, however, Humphrey, and we resolved that the safest plan would be to ride by way of Taunton and Exeter, leaving behind us the great body of the King's army, and so escape to London if possible, where we should certainly find hiding-places in plenty until the pursuit should be at an end. Our plan was to travel along byways and bridle-paths, and that by night only, hiding by day in barns, liverys, and the like. We had money for the charges of our journey. Humphrey would travel as a physician returning to London from the West as soon as we had gotten out of the insurgents' country; I was to be his servant. Thus we arranged the matter in our minds, and already I thought that we were safe, and in hiding somewhere in London, or across the seas in the Low Countries again.

"Well, to make short my story, we got no further than Exeter, where we were betrayed by a rascal countryman who recognised us, caused us to be arrested, and swore to us. Thereupon we were clapped into jail, where we now lie.

"Hon'd Sir; Humphrey, I am sorry to write, is much cast down, not because he dreads death, which he doth not, any more than to lie upon his bed; but because he hath, he says, drawn so many to their ruin. He numbers me among those; though, indeed, it was none of his doing, but by my own free will, that I entered upon this business, which, contrary to reasonable expectation, hath turned out so ill. Wherefore, dear Sir, since there is no one in the world whose opinion and counsel Humphrey so greatly considers as your own, I pray

you, of your goodness, send him some words of consolation and cheer."

"That will I, right readily," said Sir Christopher. "At least the poor lad cannot accuse himself of dragging me into the Clink."

"I hear," continued Robin's letter, "that my mother hath gone with Mr. Boscorel to London, to learn if aught can be done for us. If she do not return before we are finished, bid her think kindly of Humphrey and not to lay these things to his charge. As for my dear girl, my Alice, I hear nothing of her. Miss Blake, who led the Maids when they gave the flags to the Duke, is, I hear, clapped into prison. Alice is not spoken of. I am greatly perturbed in spirit concerning her, and I would gladly, if that might be compassed, have speech with her before I die. I fear she will grieve and weep; but not more than I myself at leaving her, poor maid! I hear, also, nothing concerning her father, who was red hot for the Cause, and therefore, I fear, will not be passed over or forgotten. Nor do I hear aught of Barnaby, who, I hope, hath escaped on shipboard, as he said that he should do if things went ajar. Where are they all? The roads are covered with rough men, and it is not fit for such as Alice and her mother to be travelling. I hope that they have returned in safety to Bradford Orcas, and that my old master, Dr. Eykin, hath forgotten his zeal for the Protestant Duke, and is already seated again among his books. If that is so, tell Alice, Honoured Sir, that there is no hour of the day or night but I think of her continually; that the chief pang of my approaching fate is the thought that I shall leave her in sorrow, and that I cannot say or do anything to stay her sorrow. Comfort her I cannot, save with words which will come better from the saintly lips of her father. I again pray thee to assure her of my faithful love. Tell her that the recollection of her sweet face and steadfast eyes fills me with so great a longing that I would faint die at once so as to bring nearer the moment when we shall be able to sit together in heaven. My life hath been glorified, if I may say so in humility, by her presence in my heart, which drove away all common and unclean things. Of such strength is earthly love. Nay, I could not, I now perceive, be happy even with the joys of heaven if she were not by my side. Where is she, my heart, my love? Pray God, she is in safety.

"And now, Sir, I have no more to say. The prison is a hot and reeking place; at night it is hard to bear the foulness and the stench of it. Humphrey says that we may shortly expect some jail fever or smallpox to break out among us, in which case the work of the Judges may be lightened. The good people of this ancient city are in no way afraid of the King's vindictiveness, but send in of their bounty quantity of provisions—fruit, eggs, fresh meat, salted meat, ale, and cider—every day for the poor prisoners, which shows which way their opinions do lean, even although the clergy are against us. Honoured Sir, I am sure and certain that the miscarriage of our enterprise was caused by the conduct of those who had us in hand. In a year or two there shall be seen (but not by us) another uprising; under another leader with another end.

"So no more. I send to thee, dear and Honoured Sir, my bounden duty and my grateful thanks for all that I owe to your tender care and affection. Pray my mother, for me, to mourn no more for me than is becoming to one of her piety and virtue.

"Alas! it is thinking upon her, and upon my poor lost Alice, that my heart is wellnigh torn in pieces. But (tell Humphrey) through no fault—no—through no fault of his.

"From thy dutiful and obedient grandson,—R. C."

I read this all through. Then I folded up the letter and returned it to Sir Christopher. As he took it, the tears came into his dear and venerable eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"My dear—my dear," he said, "it is hard to bear. Everyone who is dear to thee will go; there is an end of all; unless some way, of which we know nothing, be opened unto us."

"Why," I said, "if we were all dead and buried, and our souls together in heaven."

"Patience, my dear," said the old man.

"Oh! must they all die—all? My heart will burst! Oh! Sir, will not one suffice for all? Will they not take me and hang me, and let the rest go free?"

"Child," he took my hand between his own, "God knows that if one life would suffice for all it should be mine. Nay, I would willingly die ten times over to save thy Robin for thee. He is not dead yet, however. Nor is he sentenced. There are so many involved that we may hope for a large measure of mercy. Nay, more. His mother hath gone to London, as he says in his letter, with my son-in-law, Philip Boscorel, to see if aught can be done, even to the selling of my whole estate, to procure the enlargement of the boys. I know not if anything can be done, but be assured Philip Boscorel will leave no stone unturned."

"Oh! can money buy a pardon? I have two hundred gold pieces. They are Barnaby's!"

"Then, my dear, they must be used to buy pardon for Barnaby and thy father—though I doubt whether any pardon need be bought for one who is brought so low."

Beside the bed my mother sat crouched, watching his white face as she had done all day long in our hiding-place. I think she heeded nothing that went on around her, being wrapped in her hopes and prayers for the wounded man.

Then Sir Christopher kissed me gently on the forehead.

"They say the King is unforgiving, my dear. Expect not, therefore, anything. Say to thyself, every morning, that all must die. To know the worst brings with it something of consolation. Robin must die, Humphrey must die, your brother Barnaby must die, your father—but he is wellnigh dead already—and I myself, all must die upon the scaffold if we escape this noisome jail. In thinking this, remember who will be left. My dear, if thou art as a widow and yet a maiden, I charge thee solemnly that thou forget thine own private griefs and minister to those who will have none but thee to help them. Live not for thyself—but to console and solace those who, like thyself bereaved, will need thy tender cares."

(To be continued.)

The preachers on Sunday mornings at ten o'clock at Westminster Abbey during October are:—On Sunday, the 7th, the Hon. Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon; Sunday, the 14th, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington; Sunday, the 21st, the Rev. Professor Bonney, F.R.S.; Sunday, the 28th, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck. Canon Duckworth, as Canon in Residence, preaches each Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 6, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence; THIN EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

As most of my readers are aware, certain plants—and certain animals as well, for that matter—possess extraordinary powers of survival after being dried and desiccated. The "Rose of Jericho" illustrates such a case of physiological revival, after drying, under the application of water; and one of the Selaginella tribe, known as the "Resurrection plant," has long been famous for like properties. In a dry atmosphere it curls up into a ball-like form, while in moist surroundings it expands. In the "Rose of Jericho" the curling up of the plant appears useful as a protection to the seeds under conditions unfavourable to their vitality. The plant in its curled condition is blown along by the wind, and the seeds are in this way dispersed over the earth's surface. The "Resurrection plant," however, simply preserves a high vitality through the conservation of its moisture in its contracted shape. M. Du Sablon has enabled us to understand more clearly than before, the mechanism of such plant-movements. In the upper parts of the stems, the plant possesses a layer of strong cells, possessing very thick walls. Inside these cells is contained living matter or protoplasm, which, by the thickness of the cell-walls, is protected from injurious changes of temperature. When dryness supervenes, these thick cells contract much more rapidly and strongly than the cells below, with the result that the plant-structures of which they form part are made to curl up in the familiar fashion. Safely protected in the cells, the living protoplasm resists the drying influences; and when moisture gains access to its cells, the "Resurrection plant" assumes its natural shape.

My friend Dr. B. W. Richardson has been experimenting on certain interesting patients with reference to the action of certain drugs on their constitution. The patients in question were the curious little fresh-water jelly-fishes which inhabit the warm water of the tropical tank in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. These jelly-fishes were discovered in 1880 by Mr. Sowerby, and represent the first of their race which have been found inhabiting fresh water. The biggest specimens measure about half-an-inch in diameter; and those of my readers who may be interested in the history of these curious Medusæ may be referred to the account given of them by Mr. Sowerby and by my respected teacher, the veteran Professor Allman.

Dr. Richardson, struck by the fact that these jelly-fishes present us with the simplest stage of development of nervous and muscular systems, proposed to note the effect upon them of active medicinal substances. It seems a "far cry" from a small jelly-fish to a man; but the acts of the former, in a close measure, resemble those actions which, in man, are performed independently of the will. Hence Dr. Richardson proposed to discover, perchance, by experiment on the Medusæ, the effects produced on human involuntary fibres by the administration of the drugs employed in the case of the jelly-fishes. Some of his results are extremely interesting. Chloroform acts on the Medusæ as on man. There is preliminary excitement, then a convulsive stage, then insensibility, and finally, if the experiment is pursued further, death. Chloroform seems to act first of all, not on the brain, but on the nerves and centres regulating involuntary movements. A substance called nitrites of amyl (now largely used for the relief of certain forms of heart disease) also seems, alike in man and in Medusæ, to act primarily upon the nerves controlling such involuntary actions as those of heart, lungs, &c. Ether, well-known as an abolisher of consciousness, appeared, curiously enough, to exercise but little effect on the jelly-fishes. You can, in fact, make one of these little Medusæ insensible with ether, and in a few hours it recovers and swims about as lively as ever. These experiments demonstrate that even the gelatinous frame of a jelly-fish shows its own and distinctive peculiarities with reference to the action of drugs.

Few of my readers, save those whose tastes or professions lead them directly into the heart of science-studies, probably possess any notion of what has of late years been done in the investigation of extinct and fossil forms of quadruped life. The late British Association meeting recalls to mind the researches in which, notably, Professors Marsh, Cope, and Leidy, of America, have been engaged for years past in this matter of the fossil mammals. To-day, quadrupeds appear to be arranged by Nature in very distinct and characteristic groups. The Zoological Society's Gardens, in fact, illustrate this remark to the full. Camels, elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes, horses, dogs, deer, and so on, represent distinct orders of the quadruped class. Yet what seems clear enough in the constitution of living quadrupeds, is much altered when we place their fossil and extinct neighbours in relation to them. The extinct mammals which American science has unearthed mostly unite in themselves the characters of two or more of the living orders. If we could obtain a perfect series of the fossil quadrupeds, therefore, it would seem as though they would serve in a very striking fashion to join and link together the groups of living quadrupeds which, regarded by us to-day, appear to be so thoroughly distinct and diverse in character.

The storyteller of the present day is certainly becoming more and more scientific in his plots and treatment of his details. One can hardly open a volume of fiction now-a-days without discovering that the author has selected some scientific fact or problem as the keynote of his theme. The late Hugh Conway, in his "Called Back," was one of the first to utilise science as a basis for fiction. In his case mental physiology, in the shape of the effects of shock in abolishing and in restoring the memory, served as the central point of the romance just named. Later writers have drawn still more largely on the field of medical science. In a recent tale the incident of a physician who succeeds, by some as yet unheard of powers, in uniting the head and frame of a guillotined criminal, is made to do duty with ghastly but graphic effect. Those who delight in the more pleasant romance of science, made notable by Jules Verne, may be recommended to read a new volume entitled "A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder." The author's description of extinct geological monsters as they might have appeared in the flesh are accurate and interesting in the extreme.

The odours given off by various animals are often of a notable kind. There is a cuttle-fish which emits a strong odour of musk, and certain species of alligators resemble the cuttle-fish in this respect. The musk-deer, of course, will be recalled to mind with its scent-pouch; while the skunk is *facile princeps* in the way of disagreeable secretions. The latest addition to this field of research is Professor Meldola's discovery that a male moth (*Herminia*) secretes a substance in its front legs, which is apparently similar to the artificial essence of jargonelle pear. This curious fact is paralleled by the recital that some South American male butterflies emit the scent of vanilla.

ANDREW WILSON.

## EARLY ANNALS OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

On entering the city of Melbourne, with its many miles of broad, well-paved streets, its handsome rows of shops, stately banks, and large public buildings, its far-stretching suburbs, railways and tramways, its crowded roads and footpaths, its harbours, wharves, and shipping, its world-wide commerce and never-ceasing traffic, the stranger is filled with wonder. Is it possible, he asks himself, that here, where all that society can demand, with every luxury that science can design, or art construct, is abundantly provided, only a single generation has come and gone since these long upsweeping hills were grass-grown, and forest-clad, peopled by a few scattered tribes of wandering, restless, half-starved, lazy, dirty, naked savages, homeless, and miserably degraded by superstitious terrors, distrust, and fear?

How this great Australian city grew from what it was to what it is, through what phases of infancy and insignificance, and despite what drawbacks, difficulties, and dangers, is a most interesting story, although its years are so few. But it is a story that intensifies the pride of its present greatness, and makes us marvel the more. What it was about forty years since may still be seen, over and over again, in various parts of the colonies, in obscure townships, where a few little wooden cottages are dotted about here and there, amidst huts and hovels, few and far apart, where the broad, empty streets, all duly planned and named, run at right angles, roughly fenced in with posts and rails, but not otherwise distinguishable from bush or forest.

Melbourne is the younger sister of Sydney, whom she has quickly outgrown; but it is seemly that the representatives of all the Australian colonies, and of Tasmania and New Zealand, should have assembled in 1888, at Melbourne, to commemorate, by the opening of the International Exhibition,

In the meantime settlements had been formed at Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania; in West Australia, up the Swan River, by Captain Stirling and others; in Moreton Bay, on the coast north of New South Wales, now styled Queensland; at Adelaide, South Australia, and at Port Philip. All these settlements ultimately became separate colonies, independent of New South Wales. The commencement of colonial prosperity, in the mother colony, was due to the introduction of the merino breed of sheep by Mr. John Macarthur, in Governor King's time, for the production of the finest wool. This attracted settlers with capital, the old class of "squatters," to whom large tracts of land were allotted for pasture, and to whom the convicts were bound in service. This system was continued more than forty years, under the New South Wales Government, and its effects on the agrarian condition of some parts of Australia have scarcely yet been entirely removed. Under Governor Sir Charles Fitzroy, from 1846 to 1855, the free citizens of New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia carried on a successful agitation to put an end to the transportation of convicts into these colonies; while the land laws have been made favourable to the easy purchase of small freeholds by agricultural immigrants, putting an end to the old "squatter" system.

The history of New South Wales, which is the early history of Australian colonisation, is full of stirring incidents and vicissitudes of fortune. Not the least interesting part of such history, with reference to all the Australian colonies, is that of the adventurous explorers of vast inland regions; such men as Wentworth, Lawson, and Blaxland, Oxley and Hamilton Hume, Hovell and Cunningham (the botanist), Sturt, Barker, Mitchell, Grey, Eyre, Leichhardt, Burke and Wills, Grimes, Grant, and others. It was by the journey of Hume and Hovell overland from New South Wales, in 1824, and subsequently by those of Major Mitchell, from 1831 to 1836, that the fine country at first named "Australia Felix," the inland part of the present Colony of Victoria, was made known. The shore of Port Phillip, indeed, had been long before visited, and an abortive attempt had been made to establish a penal station there; but the actual opening of a settlement in the Port Phillip district fell to Messrs. Henty, who came over to Portland from Tasmania in 1834. Other pastoralists speedily followed; and Bateman, a native of Paramatta, and John Pascoe Fawkner, became the pioneers of trade between the new district and Sydney. Captain Lonsdale was appointed first resident Magistrate in 1836. Mr. Charles Joseph Latrobe succeeded Captain Lonsdale in 1839, and had the honour of conducting the affairs of the new settlement during the stages of rapid

MONUMENT TO LA PEROUSE AT BOTANY BAY.

growth which led to its independence in 1851, when his office of Superintendent was enlarged to the higher rank of Lieutenant-Governor, to correspond with the expansion of Port Phillip district into the colony of Victoria.

The discovery of gold, in July, 1851, in the Bathurst and Wellington districts of New South Wales, and within a few months, also in Victoria, on the Ballarat hills, and at Clunes, Bendigo, Mount Alexander, and the Ovens, completely revolutionised Australia. It is not our purpose, on this occasion, to speak of "the New Era" which then began for our Southern Colonies, and the results of which are shown in the great cities of Melbourne and Sydney, and at Adelaide, Brisbane, and other Australian capitals or chief towns, also in New Zealand, at Auckland, Dunedin, Wellington, and Christchurch. The official statistician now estimates the population of the Australasian Colonies (on Dec. 31, 1887) as follows:—New South Wales, 1,044,000 (approximately); Victoria, 1,035,943; New Zealand, 603,787 (exclusive of 41,828 Maoris); Queensland, 359,059; South Australia, 315,000; Tasmania, 140,711; Australia, 44,532, making a grand total of 3,543,032 souls. Here is a new English-speaking nation, already three millions and a half of people, and probably destined to grow to thirty millions in the next century, occupying a Southern Dominion which actually comprises all the lands enjoying a temperate climate between the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific Ocean.

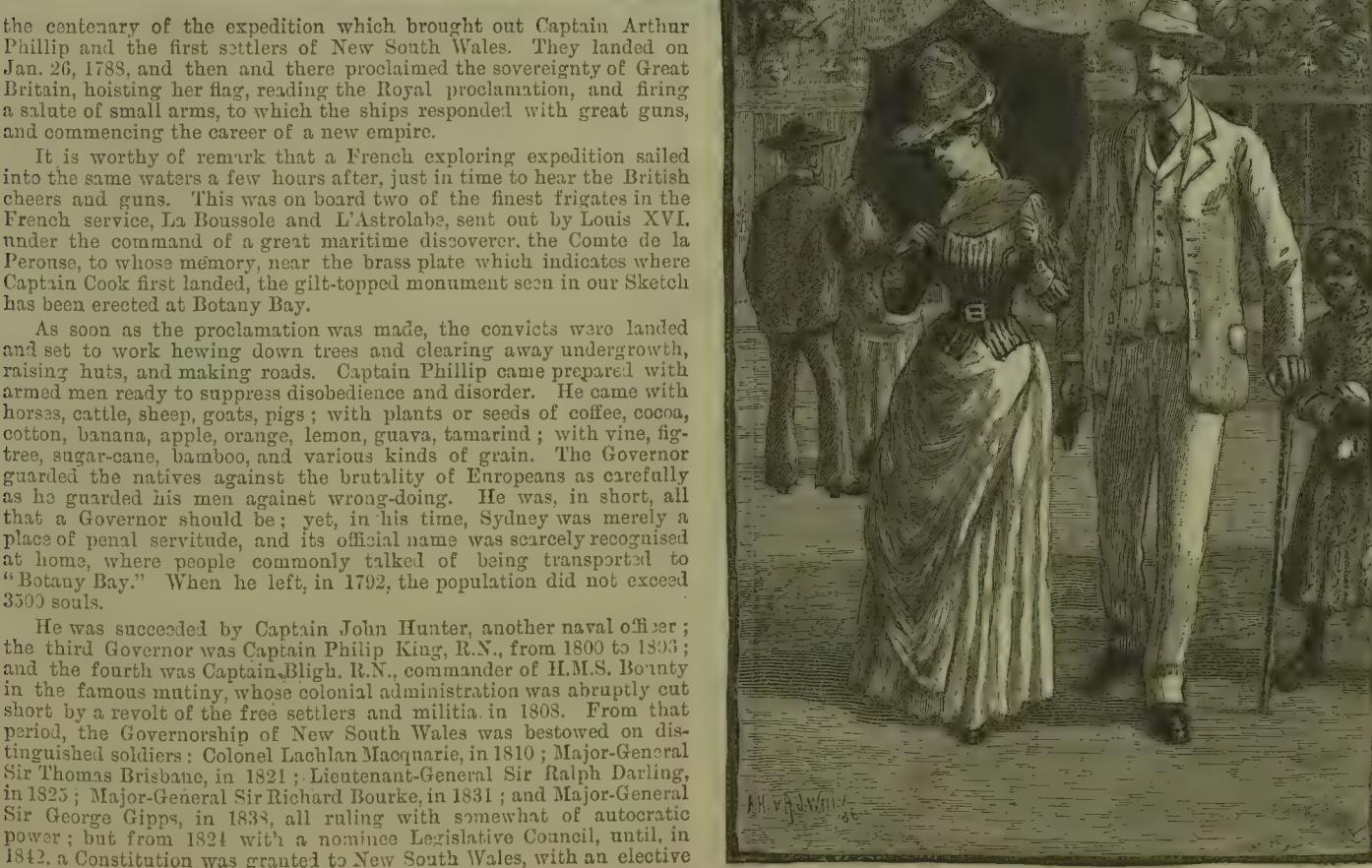
When timid and imperfectly informed persons in England hint a fear that some of our Southern colonies may be overwhelmed by their public debts, it should be replied that these debts, unlike those of any European State, represent not past military expenditure, but the cost of constructing many thousands of miles of well-planned railways and good useful roads, with harbour works and irrigation works in some of the colonies; and that the present value of the railways, which are State property, already opened for traffic and paying their working expenses, added to the increased value which they have given to the reserves of public lands still on sale, would at this moment suffice to pay off all the colonial debts. This is certainly true of New Zealand, as well as of New South Wales and Victoria, whose public credit should therefore stand higher than that of any nation in Continental Europe. The Colonial Legislatures, with the ardent support of these democratic communities, have so far realised the truest and wisest aims of national policy, that all the burthens of tax or loan which they lay on the country are for the immediate benefit of the people. There is no community in the Old or the New World—this is the noblest proof of civilisation—in which the State does so much for the education of the young. The New Zealand Government actually pays £4 a head for the schooling of every child; Victoria pays £4 7s. 8d. a head, in State education expenses; New South Wales and South Australia make also provision, on the most liberal scale, for this great object of social improvement. The schooling is everywhere public, free of charge to parents, entirely separate from the religious denominations, and school attendance is obligatory by law on all children in these colonies. In the quality of the instruction, the colonial public schools will at least bear comparison with any established by the School Boards in England; and there is no lack of Colleges and Universities for higher education. The noble motto of New South Wales, "Advance, Australia!" has been met with a practical response in the working of free institutions.

the centenary of the expedition which brought out Captain Arthur Phillip and the first settlers of New South Wales. They landed on Jan. 26, 1788, and then and there proclaimed the sovereignty of Great Britain, hoisting her flag, reading the Royal proclamation, and firing a salute of small arms, to which the ships responded with great guns, and commencing the career of a new empire.

It is worthy of remark that a French exploring expedition sailed into the same waters a few hours after, just in time to hear the British cheers and guns. This was on board two of the finest frigates in the French service, *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, sent out by Louis XVI. under the command of a great maritime discoverer, the Comte de la Perouse, to whose memory, near the brass plate which indicates where Captain Cook first landed, the gilt-topped monument seen in our Sketch has been erected at Botany Bay.

As soon as the proclamation was made, the convicts were landed and set to work hewing down trees and clearing away undergrowth, raising huts, and making roads. Captain Phillip came prepared with armed men ready to suppress disobedience and disorder. He came with horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs; with plants or seeds of coffee, cocoa, cotton, banana, apple, orange, lemon, guava, tamarind; with vine, fig-tree, sugar-cane, bamboo, and various kinds of grain. The Governor guarded the natives against the brutality of Europeans as carefully as he guarded his men against wrong-doing. He was, in short, all that a Governor should be; yet, in his time, Sydney was merely a place of penal servitude, and its official name was scarcely recognised at home, where people commonly talked of being transported to "Botany Bay." When he left, in 1792, the population did not exceed 3500 souls.

He was succeeded by Captain John Hunter, another naval officer; the third Governor was Captain Philip King, R.N., from 1800 to 1803; and the fourth was Captain Bligh, R.N., commander of H.M.S. *Bounty* in the famous mutiny, whose colonial administration was abruptly cut short by a revolt of the free settlers and militia in 1808. From that period, the Governorship of New South Wales was bestowed on distinguished soldiers: Colonel Lachlan Macquarie, in 1810; Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, in 1821; Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Darling, in 1825; Major-General Sir Richard Bourke, in 1831; and Major-General Sir George Gipps, in 1833, all ruling with somewhat of autocratic power; but from 1824 with a nominee Legislative Council, until, in 1842, a Constitution was granted to New South Wales, with an elective Legislature.





SKETCHES IN MOROCCO: A CHAIN OF PRISONERS FROM A REBEL TRIBE.

DRAWN BY G. NICOLET.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The latest "craze" is ladies' cricket, which has taken possession of the public fancy very suddenly, and bids fair to become as commonplace as ladies' tennis. From all parts of the country come the reports of matches, and married women as well as single ones are numbered amongst the players. As conducted at present, ladies' cricket is little more than a farce; for the men are required to bat with broomsticks and bowl left-handed, and nevertheless often manage to win. But of course the ladies who play are still novices, for the fashion is yet of mushroom growth. It began with a company of actresses, captained by little Miss Norreys. Suddenly, the idea "caught on," and now all over the country the end of the cricket season is being marked by ladies' matches. It remains to be seen whether they will be revived next spring. If so, they must be played more rationally; the left-handed broomsticks are amusing while novel, but are a condescension which would soon fatigue and bore the superior beings who grant it. Tennis is not less violent and golf is not less fatiguing than cricket; and tennis and golf are both commonly and well played by women of position and refinement. So it is quite possible that ladies' cricket is destined next season to be fashionable.

Dress is an obstacle to women rivalling men in such games. Only by wearing a gymnastic or a shooting costume does a lady come to realise how much her movements are hampered in her usual dress. A very remarkable document, however, addressed by a large number of American ladies to the ladies of Japan, shows that women are everywhere concerning themselves about the inconveniences of female dress—though, unfortunately, nobody appears able to invent anything much better. The American ladies beg their Japanese sisters to pause before exchanging their loose and artistic national costume for our "ungraceful, inconvenient, and unhealthy fashions." They write because they desire "that Japanese ladies may be made aware of the dangers in adopting the foreign dress, and that they may consider that what they are about to do would affect not only their own health but that of their sons and daughters." This note is signed by a number of American authoresses, lady doctors, and other distinguished women, including the President's wife, Mrs. Cleveland, and the widow of the late President Garfield. What poor creatures we must be to retain a garb with which we are so dissatisfied! How is it that we cannot think of anything much better? A certain Mdlle. De Valsayre recently petitioned the French Chamber for permission to wear trousers, and has received an official reply that there are no sumptuary laws on the statute-book, and that she may wear any costume she pleases. But Mdlle. De Valsayre did not at once adopt some costume after her own mind. She only weakly applied to Worth to design her a dress on the essential basis of bifurcation. That monarch of *chiffons* scornfully declined the order. No wonder; Worth cannot bear even the ordinary English tailor-made gown, in which he avers that ladies look like stable-boys!

The October number of the *Woman's World* is, I find, the one which completes the first year under Mr. Oscar Wilde's editorship. The publishers, in announcing that henceforth the magazine will be enlarged, point with justifiable pride to the names of the contributors to this volume, and state very truly that "such an array of valuable papers from the pens of eminent women has never before appeared in any magazine." This number is not the least interesting of the year, containing as it does a paper on "Women in Pompeii," by Edith Marget; an interesting sketch of part of old Paris and its associations, by A. Mary F. Robinson (who, by-the-way, has recently married a Professor of the College de France, and gone to live in the city she knows so well); two essays on employments for educated girls—elementary school teaching and dressmaking; and a defence of German women, by Miss Friederichs, the clever foreign sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who reads seven languages, and is one of the most capable "interviewers" on the press. Then there are the fashion articles, always well written there; and last, I may mention a paper from my own pen on "A Woman's Friendship"—that which existed between Mary, Queen of Scots and Mary Seton, the only one of her "four Maries" who remained single, and who was constant in devotion to her Queen throughout her weary imprisonment. There is a charming illustration to the article, a copy of an old miniature painting of the Maries. I am only disappointed that there was not added an engraving from the Windsor miniature of the Queen of Scots herself, an authentic portrait.

Considering how great is the fame of the beauty of Mary Stuart, and how high was the position that she filled as Queen of France and Scotland, it is surprising that genuine and satisfactory portraits of her are so rare. Prince Labanoff, a Russian gentleman who early in the present century devoted a large part of his life and fortune to the study and commemoration of that fascinating personality, made a list of all the so-called portraits of Mary which he could discover to be in existence. He concluded that only a very small number so named were genuine, and had been done by painters who had seen their model. The keeper of the National Portrait Gallery is more sanguine. In some interesting and learned communications which he recently made to the *Times*, he enumerated a number of pictures now in various situations which he believes to be genuine portraits of the Queen of Scots. But anybody who can contentedly see the name of that beautiful woman labelled on the hideous and impossible caricatures which disfigure the National Portrait Gallery as likenesses of Mary, must be easily satisfied with evidence of authenticity. Indeed, scruples on this point have lately visited the authorities of the gallery, and they have decided to rechristen one of the canvases after Mary of Lorraine, the mother of Mary Stuart. There is one admirable portrait of the Queen of Scots, known as "the Morton portrait," which has descended in an unbroken chain from the noble to whom the Queen herself gave it; and there are a few others which may be genuine, though poor. But the Windsor miniature (one of that fine collection made by generations of our Monarchs, which was so carefully arranged under the orders of the Prince Consort) vies with the face on the sculptured tomb in Westminster Abbey for charm, interest, and evident truthfulness. Both that miniature and the statue were received by James I. as his mother's portrait. He, of course, could not judge them himself. He never saw her after he was a young babe; the well-known engraving from a picture by Zuccherino, showing the Queen with her hand on the head of her little son, is necessarily apocryphal, as are so many other pretended portraits of her. But though James did not know what his mother was like, he had around him many of her attendants and friends who did, and there is evidence that he took considerable pains to have the statue on the tomb made a fair portrait. The Windsor miniature is very like the face on the monument; and both have a look of mingled sweetness and authoritative wisdom that is very attractive.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

DR. F. ST.—The problem is quite sound, and you have not found the key-mov.

ALPHA.—Right this time.

J. F. COLE.—Black plays his best possible defence against White; therefore, in your proposed solution of No. 2314 by 1. Q to K 2nd, K to B 3rd; 2. Q to K 2nd, Black does not go to K 3rd, but back to Q 4th, and there is no mate.

H. M. PRIDEAUX.—Thanks for game, which shall have due attention.

HENREWARD.—We have marked your problems for further consideration. Of the two we prefer the four-mover.

F. G. W.—A solution is seen at a glance, by 1. R to Q 4th.

T. C. (Edgeware-road).—There is something hopelessly wrong about the position you send, and it certainly possesses no similarity to any problem we have either seen or published.

G. C. BAXTER.—The Black King is too cramped, otherwise your problem shows merit. A micro series of sacrifices, however, does not necessarily constitute good strategy. Try again, and give Black more elbow room.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from W. T. Pierce and Signor Aspa.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2315 received from J. Mann (New York) and J. D. (Bomber); of No. 2316 from J. B. and F. Read; of No. 2317 from F. Read; John G. Grant, J. W. Shaw (Montreal); Charles Etherington, and Blair H. Cochran; of No. 2318 from Shadforth, Alpha, F. Read, and F. Morley; of No. 2319 from A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), F. Morley, C. E. P., and E. G. Boys.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2320 received from Dr. F. St., Joseph T. Pulton, Anglia (Leyton Regis), C. E. P., R. F. N. Banks, Jupiter Juniper, W. Hillier, F. Casella (Paris), Phillips, E. Lacey, Dawn, A. Newman, Percy Ewan, Colonel R. J. Drew, J. Dixon (Colchester), Peterhouse, H. H. Brooks, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Thomas Chow, Julie Short (Exeter), Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), J. D. Taylor, Ruby Rock, H. E. Bambridge, James Sage, Columbus, D. McCoy, T. Roberts, E. Loudon, E. H. H., R. Bryant, Blair H. Cochran, J. J. B. (Hallingbury), Lillie Harris, W. Damant, J. Hepworth Shiu, T. G. (Ware), W. R. Railean, Shadforth, A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), Nigel, Howard A. J. Coad, and R. Worts (Canterbury).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2318.

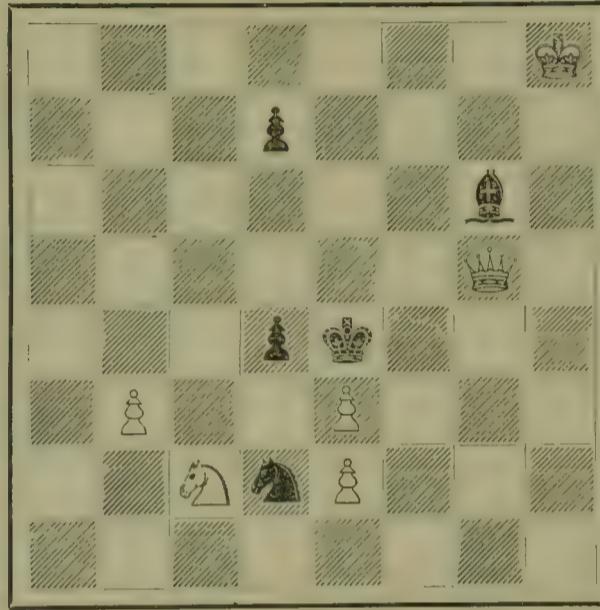
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 3rd K takes Kt  
2. R to K sq (ch) K moves  
3. Either B mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, then 2. B to Q 6th (ch); if 1. K to K 6th, then 2. Kt to B sq (ch); if B takes Kt, then 2. B to Q 6th (ch); and if B to K 7th, then 2. Kt to K 2nd, &c.

## PROBLEM NO. 2322.

By G. L. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. LEE and BURN.

(Three Knights Game)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. Kt to B 3rd P to Kt 3rd  
4. B to B 4th B to Kt 2nd  
5. P to Q 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
6. B to K 3rd P to Q 3rd  
7. P to K R 3rd P to K R 3rd  
A move that immediately proves a source of weakness.  
8. Q to Q 2nd Taking prompt advantage of Black's last move he cannot now Castle.  
9. Q to K 2nd  
10. Castles (K R) P to K Kt 4th  
11. Kt to R 2nd B to Q 2nd  
12. P to R 3rd Kt to Q 2nd  
This seems merely loss of time; Black might have Castled Q R, and proceeded with an attack on the King's side of the board.  
13. B takes Kt B takes B  
14. P to Q 4th B to B 5th  
15. K R to K sq Kt to Q 2nd  
16. P to Q 5th P to Q 3rd  
17. Kt to K 2nd B takes Kt  
18. R takes B Kt to B 3rd  
19. Q to Q 3rd Q to Q 2nd  
20. P to Kt 4th Kt to R 2nd  
21. Kt to B sq Kt to B 3rd  
22. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd  
23. Kt to B 5th B to B 3rd  
24. P to K B 3rd Kt to K 2nd  
Kt to B 5th; 25. B takes Kt, K P takes Kt; 26. R to Q 2nd, P to K R 4th seems more to the purpose.

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
25. Kt to Kt 3rd R to K R 2nd  
26. P to Q B 4th

White has now much the better position, an advantage well maintained to the end.

26. Kt to Kt 3rd  
27. R to Q B sq K to B sq

Kt to B 5th still seems better, for B must take Kt, then K P takes B, Kt to B 5th, B to R 4th, &c.

28. P to B 5th P takes P  
29. B takes P (ch) K to Kt sq

30. B to K 3rd K to R sq

31. K R to Q B 2nd B to Q sq

32. Q to Kt 3rd K to R 2nd

33. Kt to R 5th Threatening R takes B P, which cannot be taken on account of the check with Knight.

33. R to Q B sq  
34. P to Q R 4th R to B sq

35. P to Q 6th An excellent reply to Black's last weak move.

35. P to B 3rd  
36. P to Kt 5th It P takes P

37. P takes P K to R sq

38. P takes P P takes P

39. R to Q R sq R to K sq

Fatal, losing at least a R; but Black's game is irretrievable.

40. R to R 7th Q to K 3rd  
41. P to Q 7th K to Kt sq  
42. Q takes Q, and wins.

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Herr W.)  
14. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
15. B to B 4th Kt to K 5th  
16. R to K sq Kt takes B (ch)

If Kt to Kt 6th (ch) although White loses the exchange the attack obtained by P to Q 5th more than compensates for the loss.

17. Kt takes Kt P to Q Kt 4th

18. B to K 6th K to Q sq

19. Kt to B 3rd P to Kt 5th

An excellent reply, which deprives Black of all power of resistance.

20. P takes Kt  
21. P to Q 6th R to Q Kt sq

22. P takes Kt (ch) K takes P

23. B to Q 7th (disch) K to Q sq

24. Q to B 7th The game is well played throughout by Mr. Bird, and the ending is a fine specimen of his skill.

24. B takes B

25. R to Q sq K to B sq

26. Q takes B (ch) K to Kt 2nd

27. R to Q 6th Q to B 4th

28. Q takes P (ch) K to B sq

29. Q to R 6th (ch) R to Kt 2nd

30. P to B 6th, and wins.

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Herr W.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. B to K 2nd

The B is usually played to B 4th, but Mr. Bird has for this move a parental affection.

3. P to K B 4th

This reply does not turn out well, P to Q 4th gives Black greater freedom.

4. P to K 5th P to Q 3rd

5. Kt to K B 3rd P takes P

6. Kt takes P Q to R 5th (ch)

Black might have done better by B to Q 3rd at once and if Kt to K B 3rd, B to K 3rd, &c.

7. K to B sq B to Q 3rd

8. Kt to K B 3rd Q to B 3rd

9. P to Q 4th Kt to K 2nd

This allows White to rapidly develop his game on the Queen's side. Kt to B 3rd, with a view to Castling, appears preferable.

10. P to B 4th P to B 3rd

11. Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q 2nd

12. B to Q 2nd Q to K 3rd

He should have Castled while he had the opportunity.

13. P to B 5th B to B 2nd

In the City of London Chess Club the winter season will be inaugurated by a blindfold exhibition, which will be given by Mr. Blackburne on Monday, Oct. 8. Mr. Lord will be teller. Admission to see the exhibition will be free to all members of the club and their friends.

The North London Chess Club has issued its list of engagements for the ensuing season. Matches have been arranged with all the leading local clubs, besides which a tournament, confined to members, will commence on Oct. 25.

## AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

The bright face of the morning is veiled by a silvery autumnal mist that hangs over the valley, hides the view of the quarried hill in the distance, with its crown of fir-trees, darkens the village street below, and seems to give a damp wheezy tone to the old bell of the older church, to-day devoted to rural marriage festival. The earth is overflowing with fruitfulness that has come too late for man's benefit; and there is the moist odour of decay in the field and orchard where the apples hang yet unreddened and the Kentish cobs are still green with sap. Too much rain and too little sunshine have worked sad havoc among the Kentish farmers this year. From the other side of the hedge rises in unintelligible tangle the chatter of the hop-pickers. They, poor people, are the heaviest sufferers by the freak of weather that has blighted the bine, shrunk the golden tassels, and lightened the harvest upon which the county of Kent depends in a great measure for its prosperity.

"On the farm yonder," says an old man who speaks with the broad Kentish burr in his voice, and has known all the hop-gardens in the neighbourhood for the last thirty years, "they are picking from forty to fifty pockets a day less than last year, and that was reckoned a bad year by the good pickers."

"Could we see the pickers at work?"

"Of course; they'll be delighted to see you, Sirs; but I expect they'll come and want to wipe your boots with a handful of hop-leaves; that is the way they indicate that strangers who visit the garden must pay their footing."

The old man does not pronounce all the letters of his words exactly as they are written, but it is better to spell them as he would have spelt them, had he spent more of his earlier years in the school-room and less in the hop and fruit gardens.

A short walk down a country lane—where the hedgerow is sweet with late bramble-bloom and ripening blackberry, where fern and wild-strawberry plant flourish without touch of human finger, where from bush to bush the busy spider spins his delicate web on which, this morning, the dew has left a silvery film with pearl drops here and there—(how many a milliner in the fashionable West-End would pay its weight in diamond-dust for such delicate sparkling lacework!)—brings us to the entrance of the hop-garden. The bailiff, on his little pony, meets us at the gate.

member of a somewhat despised profession—that is, of the stage—has found a novel way of spending a holiday. She has come down among these poor hard-working people against whom Nature this year has with seeming cruelty combined all her forces, and with a kind word to the mothers and a giant piece of good cake for every child she has made glad many a heart.

"May God Almighty bless the people! this is real charity!" I hear an old Irishwoman say with thankful reverence. It is, indeed, a pretty sight. This generous act and the sweet graciousness that accompanies it will have more influence than twenty sermons on hearts made hard and sceptical by adversity and the bitterness of life's struggle. A sense of all that is best and purest in the world falls upon the field; the oath and vulgar jest are silenced—every face betokens pleasure. And where did these children learn their good manners? It was only the youngest and wildest that the mothers had to reprove with "Say 'thank-you,' baby!" or "What do you say to the lady, Bobby?" The "Thank-you's" rose naturally to the little lips.

When the hops are measured from the bins into which they are packed they are placed in "pokes," and carried in the long, lumbering wains to the white capped "oast-house." This is probably a corruption of "roast-house," for here the hops are dried over a fire of smokeless coal and sulphur. They are then packed into pockets, being trodden tightly in by a peculiar process, then weighed, and sent off to the hop warehouses in Southwark.

We turn from the field, our eyes gladdened and our brain drowsy and dreamy with the subtle fragrance that is breathed from every amber cluster. The pickers are preparing for luncheon; from a cart pieces of fried fish and other provisions are being retailed at prices that would astonish some diners-out in town; while as we pass the pleasant village inn, we observe that in one of its windows, gay with geraniums and other bright flowers, is exhibited a ticket which announces "Hot dinners, 3d."

"Ah, yes, Sir," says a picker who follows the direction of our eyes, "but threepence means a bushel, and a bushel takes a lot of picking this year."

H. L.

#### CHANGING HOUSES.

If three removes are as bad as a fire—and proverbs, we know, always speak the truth—the man who frequently changes his residence must be considerably out of pocket. And he must be a man of admirable disposition if the irritations a change of house involves do not put him out of temper. For days, and often for weeks together, everything he most wants is sure to be missing, and he lives in perpetual disorder and discomfort. His "womankind" probably enjoy the excitement and the novel kind of house-work. They have much to do, and like doing it; he has much to endure, and has not even a den into which he can escape from the distraction. For the so-called "study" is sure to be the room into which all superfluous boxes, litter, and furniture are placed, in order, as the servants declare, to be out of the way. How ardently the master of the house wishes that he could be out of the way also!

No one probably ever yet took possession of a new house without having to spend at least twice as much upon alterations as he had anticipated. However careful his calculations he might have spared himself the trouble of making them, for they are certain to be wrong. The faculty of discovering new wants is never so largely developed as at a crisis like this. For a time the purse-bearer demurs and questions; but ere long he discovers that this is vain, and nothing remains for him but to wonder and to pay. Well, resignation is a virtue, and that, at least, he may have the credit of exercising.

It takes a long time to make a house a home. The rooms in which we have lived and loved and suffered are not without their memories; they become a part of our life, and in a new abode there is that sense of strangeness, at times almost of desolation, which the traveller feels on the first night of his arrival in a foreign city. He scarcely knows how to describe his feelings, but is conscious of a restlessness like that of the dog which turns round and round upon the hearthrug before settling to sleep. It is difficult to leave an old home for a new one without feeling that the continuity of life has been broken. Another leaf is turned over, and by this change we seem to be nearer the end of the book and the "finis" written on the last page. And if, as may happen, we are wholly free from sentiment of this kind, there is always the suspicion, especially in what is pertinently styled a "builder's house," that something wrong will be discovered. Even surveyors are known to have been bribed; and one has heard before now of a plumber without conscience. We know the faults of an old residence by heart, and by degrees grow fairly reconciled to them: they are like blemishes in the face of a friend. When we change houses, however, it is with a view to some advantage; and the fear lest we may lose more than we gain is one of the fretting cares familiar to new tenants.

We make life more difficult by imaginary wants, and burden our houses with useless lumber. For any real service or pleasure it affords us, many a carefully-packed ornament or piece of furniture might as well be thrown away. And the folly of accumulation is never so evident as when we attempt to readjust our baggage in a new residence. There are folk who treat old furniture with the constancy due to old friends. No matter how ugly or inconvenient it may be, they cannot be induced to part with it, and will cherish a cumbersome wardrobe or table with the reverence felt by a bibliomaniac for the first folio of Shakespeare. There is something, perhaps, respectable in this regard for the chairs and sofas upon which we have sat in bygone years; but it may be carried to a ridiculous extent. If our grandfather left behind him a bedstead as large as the Great Bed of Ware, that is scarcely a reason why we should burden our house with such an incumbrance. Yet I know one lady so warmly attached to family furniture as to take a much larger house than she needed in order to make room for it; and another so devoted to the memory of a long deceased relation as to allow the house in which he had lived to fall into decay. Dust, cobwebs, and rats occupy the rooms which the impious hand of man must not touch; and the ghost of this revered relative would not recognise the home which is kept sacred to his memory.

It is well for us, perhaps, in taking possession of a house bearing on it the stamp of years, that we are ignorant of its past history. Many a sad tragedy is enacted of which the world knows nothing; many a tale of defeated hopes might be listened to if there were tongues in walls. For the most part, among ordinary people, life goes on, to all outward appearance, with monotonous regularity; but could we see beneath the surface, we should find that few families escape altogether from calamities which mark as with a red cross the doors of the houses in which they were suffered.

Happily, it is enough for us to know the present condition of a house; we have neither the wish nor the power to read its past history. If there was once a skeleton in the closet it may be hoped it was carried away by the last inmates with the rest of the furniture. What we have to do on taking possession

is to resolve, as far as lies in our power, to convert the house into a home, and to fill it with fragrant memories. And to do that depends upon character far more than upon surroundings. One bright happy face, one unselfish nature, will fill a house, we know not how, with sweetness and light; and in every room a shadow will be cast when there is a want of sympathy and affection in the family circle. A noble-hearted woman said that in living to serve others she had a home within; and doubtless such service, done lovingly, as in the great Taskmaster's eye, will make a home of any house, no matter how mean and ugly may be its outward appearance. J. D.

#### EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.

The celebration of the "golden wedding-day" of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, on Sept. 10, was noticed in our Journal, following the publication of our Illustrations of his Lordship's seat, Wentworth Woodhouse, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. Among the gifts and testimonials of esteem presented to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam on this occasion, the officers and retired officers of the 1st West York Yeomanry Cavalry gave his Lordship a silver equestrian statuette, representing himself as their Colonel, in full uniform, wearing the star and ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the Queen's Jubilee Medal, also the aiguillettes worn by him as special Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. The badges of Colonel being shown on the shoulder-knots. His



SILVER STATUETTE OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G., COLONEL OF 1ST WEST YORK YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

Lordship is mounted on his favourite charger, The Owl. The statuette is on an ebony plinth, with a shield at each side, bearing inscriptions. The ornaments at the ends show the Earl's monogram, motto, and coronet, at one end, and the badge of the Regiment at the other. The likeness of the Earl is very good indeed, and the whole work is exquisitely finished, every detail being shown both in the uniform and in the trappings of the horse. The total height is 24 in. The work was executed by Messrs. James Dixon and Sons, of Sheffield.

#### SKETCHES IN MOROCCO.

The series of Illustrations drawn by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, with the accompanying narrative and descriptive account written by Mr. W. B. Harris, when they travelled with the British Minister on a "Visit to the Court of Morocco," presented a vivid and accurate delineation of those aspects of the country, and of native manners and customs, which the Sultan's Government would not seek to conceal from European observation. A darker picture is that which is exhibited in the Engraving of a Sketch by a Belgian artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, who travelled last June for some days in the Sultan's camp, when his Imperial Majesty went to visit the Mohammedan shrines of Muley Ishmael and Edris-el-Kebir, the latter situated in the Zerhoun mountains, five hours' journey from Mekinez, after the successful termination of a military expedition to put down some insurgent tribes. This Sketch represents a chain of prisoners from the Beni M'gild tribe; and our Correspondent says that when a tribe of rebels is beaten by the Sultan's army, a certain number of men are taken to the prisons of the chief town of the empire, especially to Fez, Mekinez, or Morocco city. They are all bound together by a long, heavy chain passing through the strong iron collar which is fastened to the neck of each man; and they are thus marched off, a long and cruel journey. Soon, many of these wretches fall, worn out by the heat, hunger and thirst, and disease; and they have to be left on the road. As the exact number of prisoners has to be brought to the town, the heads of those who cannot follow are cut off, salted, and put into pack-baskets, carried by a mule or a small horse. This execution is done by one of the soldiers, the Kaid and his escort being present. The interior of the country is in a state of rebellion, which will probably soon excite general attention.

The Mayor of Nottingham on Sept. 28 opened the new Townhall, which has been erected there at a cost of £70,000. It is a handsome stone building, in the style of the French Renaissance, ennobled by Classical treatment, and has been erected from the plans of Messrs. Verity and Hunt, of London. It contains two commodious courts of justice, a police station and cells, a large fire station, and suites of rooms for the town-clerk and the borough engineer. The Mayor opened the principal door in the main front with a golden key, and after dedicating the building to the use of the town, unveiled a portrait of Alderman Barber, chairman of the building committee, in recognition of his public services. Subsequently Alderman Barber was entertained at a public banquet.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1879) and four codicils (dated June 9, 1879; April 14 and Dec. 19, 1881, and Feb. 5, 1887) of Mr. Henry Brace, late of Mayfield, Walsall, Stafford, who died on May 13 last, have been proved at the Lichfield District Registry, by Frank Addison Brace, the son, Thomas Addison Negus, and Frederic Fuhrmann Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £268,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Vicar of Walsall, for or towards the stipend of a curate; £500 to the said Vicar for the restoration of Walsall Church; £500 to the Vicar of Walsall Wood for parochial and pastoral purposes; £500 each to the Walsall Cottage Hospital and the Wolverhampton Orphan Asylum; £250 each to the St. Matthew's Infant School (Walsall) and the Walsall Bluecoat School; £1000, all his furniture, pictures, plate, &c., an annuity of £1600, and the use, for life, of his dwelling-house, gardens, and pleasure-grounds at Mayfield, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Brace; all his shares in the companies of Henry Brace and Co., Limited, the Cannock and Rugeley Colliery Company, the Sandwell Park Colliery Company, and J. Russell and Co., Limited, to his son, Frank Addison Brace; £7500 and £40,000 to his daughter Ellen Jane Brace; and £40,000 to his daughter, Edith Mary Brace, such sums to be held in trust for them, for life, with a power of appointment thereover, but no income is to be paid, in respect of one moiety of the two sums of £40,000 till the death of testator's wife; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his son, Frank Addison Brace, during the life of Mrs. Eliza Brace, his widow, and on her death, as to the capital as well as the income, to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1887) of Mr. James Charles Henry, late of Fairleigh, Alleyne Park, West Dulwich, and Monkwell-street, Silver-street, E.C., manufacturer, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 26 by James Godwin and Edward Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives and devises his house at Stroud-green to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Eaton; his house at Camberwell to his daughter Miss Emily Isabella Henry; £300 to Robert Dowsett; and his house, Fernleigh, with the contents thereof, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Henry. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his wife and two daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1885) of George Thompson Gream, M.D., late of Mixbury House, Eastbourne, physician accoucheur to the Princess of Wales, and who also attended the present Dowager Empress Frederick at Potsdam, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Sept. 25 by Dame Ellen Emily Gooch, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator gives and bequeaths numerous legacies and annuities to his relatives and servants, and leaves the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 3, 1879) of Mr. Leopold Schwabe, formerly of the city of Manchester, but late of No. 3, Buckingham-crescent, Victoria Park, Rusholme, merchant, who died on June 13, has been proved in the Manchester District Registry by Henry Albert Schwabe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his daughter, Emma Susanne Schwabe, and bequeaths her £100; his household furniture and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Emma Frances Schwabe, and the income, for life, of all his City of Manchester Consolidated Stock and the shares in the St. Paolo Railway; subject to such life interest, he gives the said stock and shares between his sons Henry Albert and Charles Leopold and his daughter Emma Susanne. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Henry Albert. He states that the reason his other son, Charles Leopold, does not share in the residue, is that he has made advances to him during his lifetime.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 2, 1887), of Mr. William Thomas White, late of Kingston-on-Hull and Lambert House, Hedon, York, merchant, who died on April 12 last, was proved on Aug. 15 by Charles Hargitt Johnson and Arthur Rollit, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Ellen White, and devises his freehold house and premises in Beverley-road, Hull, to his son, William Lambert White. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his son, William Lambert, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1888), of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., late of No. 22, Bolton-gardens, Kensington, who died at Treborth, Bangor, on Aug. 21 last, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Augusta Matilda Richard, the widow, and Alfred James Sheppard, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his furniture, household effects, carriages, and horses to his wife; £200 and all his interest in the farm called Wernfau to his niece Mary Evans; £500 to his niece Magdalen Evans; £200 each to Mary Morris, Anna Williams, and the Rev. Henry Morris; and other legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he gives £100 each to the University College of Wales (at Aberystwith), the University College of South Wales (at Cardiff), and the University College of North Wales (at Bangor); £200 to the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace (commonly called the Peace Preservation Society); £400 to his said niece Mary Evans; and £1500 to his niece Magdalen Evans; and the ultimate residue he leaves, as to one half thereof, for the children of his late sister Mary Morris, and the other half for the children of his late sister Hannah Evans.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1887), of Mr. George Henry Haigh, J.P., D.L., late of Grainsby Hall, Lincoln and Abergavenny, Denbighshire, Merionethshire, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on Sept. 24 by George Henry Caton Haigh, J.P., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator charges his settled estates with the payment of £90,000 for the purposes set forth in a certain indenture, and also with the payment of a jointure of £1000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Emma Jane Adelaide Haigh; and there are other provisions for the benefit of his wife and children. The Cadeby Hall estate and other property in Lincolnshire are to go according to the trusts of the real estate declared in said indenture. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

Mr. John Gordon Kennedy, Secretary to her Majesty's Embassy at Rome, has been appointed her Majesty's Minister Resident and Consul-General in Chili.

Messrs. W. Collins and Co., of London and Glasgow, have brought out, thus early, some serviceable diaries—commercial, scribbling, portable, and handy—for the year 1889.

The Bishop of Rochester opened a new church, on Sept. 28, in the parish of Holy Trinity, Blackheath-hill, erected in the Ravensbourne Recreation Ground, Greenwich. The site was given by the Rev. G. F. Whidborne.



Four Bushels a Shilling.



Lambeth Twins.



The Bailiff.



Dinner Time.



A Snug Corner.



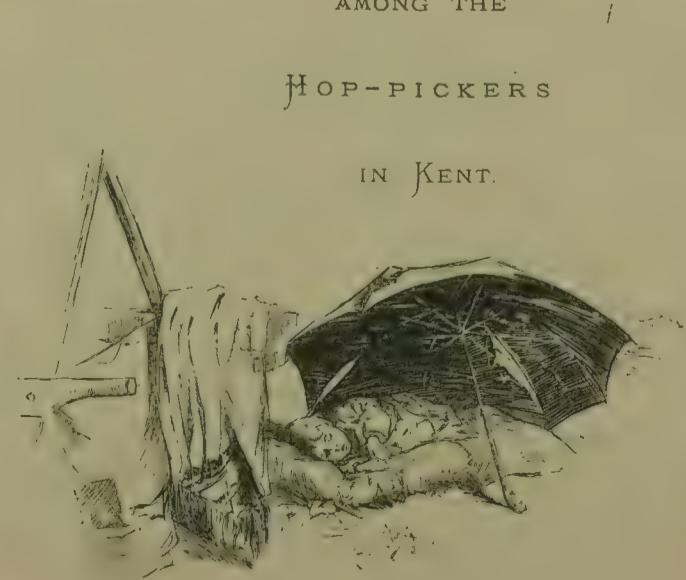
A Good Fairy from Town.



Going to New Ground.



Treading the Pockets.



Happy Dreams.

### SKETCHES

AMONG THE

HOP-PICKERS

IN KENT.



Sleeping Accommodation.

## SKETCHES IN JERSEY.

The fair and pleasant isles off the coast of Normandy, which are the only remnant of that ancient Duchy still attached to the Crown of England, and which never belonged to the Kingdom of France, are a favourite summer resort of English tourists. Guernsey and Jersey, the largest of these "Channel Islands," are like pieces of South Devon for soft rural beauty of inland scenery, and for the picturesque aspect of their coast; in the latter respect, however, the rocks and cliffs of Sark, and even Alderney, present the wildest and most remarkable features. Jersey, twenty-five miles to the south of Guernsey, is a fertile garden of the useful vegetables that come to our London market, producing at least 50,000 tons of potatoes yearly. Its climate is delightful; the chief town, St. Helier, has a thriving trade, and many handsome buildings; it is a pleasant residence, and there are easy excursions, by road or rail, to the inviting places on the shore all round the island. In Grouville

Bay lie the Martello Towers known as Forts Henry and William, the Seymour Tower being about two miles off the coast, near the spot where the French landed in 1781. The eastern railway terminus, Gorey, a fishing village, possessing a fair harbour, pier, and hotel, was at one time the headquarters of the oyster fishery. Its principal attraction is the picturesque ivy-mantled fortress of Mont Orgueil Castle, built upon a rock. Portions of the old stronghold are supposed to have existed on the wellnigh perpendicular and wave-washed headland since the days of the Romans, but it mostly dates from the twelfth century, and was long the chief seat of Government. During one of its many sieges it successfully withstood an attack by Du Guesclin, who commanded 100,000 troops. St. George's Chapel, the Roman Well, and the stairs by which King Charles II. is said to have escaped from pursuit, and the dungeons where was confined William Prynne of Puritan memory, are interesting remains.

Another brief railway journey is that by St. Aubin's,

reaching its termination at Corbière. The route is almost identical with that viewed from the deck of the steamer on her approach to St. Helier's Harbour, its most attractive features being at St. Brelade's Bay, with the tiny coves of Beau Port and Bonilly Port, and the wild rocks and cliffs of the Corbière. On the north coast are the beautiful bay of Bonne Nuit, Bouley Bay, and the bay of Rozel. Near the latter are some Druidical remains, and the jutting promontories of Le Couperon and La Coupe Point. The most comprehensive prospect of Jersey is obtained from Prince's Tower, an ancient structure, on an artificial mound of considerable height, surrounded by pleasure-gardens and other attractions for picnic-parties; it is within three miles of St. Helier, and the road thence passes Government House and Five Oaks for the Troglodyte Caves. Among our Artist's sketches, besides views of some of the places mentioned, is that of the people collecting sea-weed, here called "vraick," which is either used for manure, or is calcined to produce kelp or barilla.



"My dear, a small Dog is the greatest protection to a house; we must get one."



They get one: "The werry hidetical thing!"



The Children are sent to see the new Pet.



His too friendly overtures are received with suspicion.



"Oft in the stilly night."



For the sake of peace and quiet.



Rest at last.



"That Puppy!"

## THAT TROUBLESOME PUPPY.

and of providing those who go out with money to keep them on arrival.

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## INDIAN VERSUS CHINESE OPIUM.

The Commissioner of Customs at Hankow, in his report on the trade of that place for the past year, discusses the conditions and probable result of the contest between Indian and native-grown opium in Chinese markets. He thinks that Chinese taxation is by no means the chief thing to be taken into account in prognosticating the future of the Indian opium trade. On all sides he is told that, while opium consumption is increasing in western China, the use of the Indian drug is becoming more and more confined to the rich and the old. The smokers of the young generation, brought up on the native drug, are accustomed to its flavour. The superiority of the Indian is either unknown to them, or they do not care to pay for it. The total abolition of Chinese

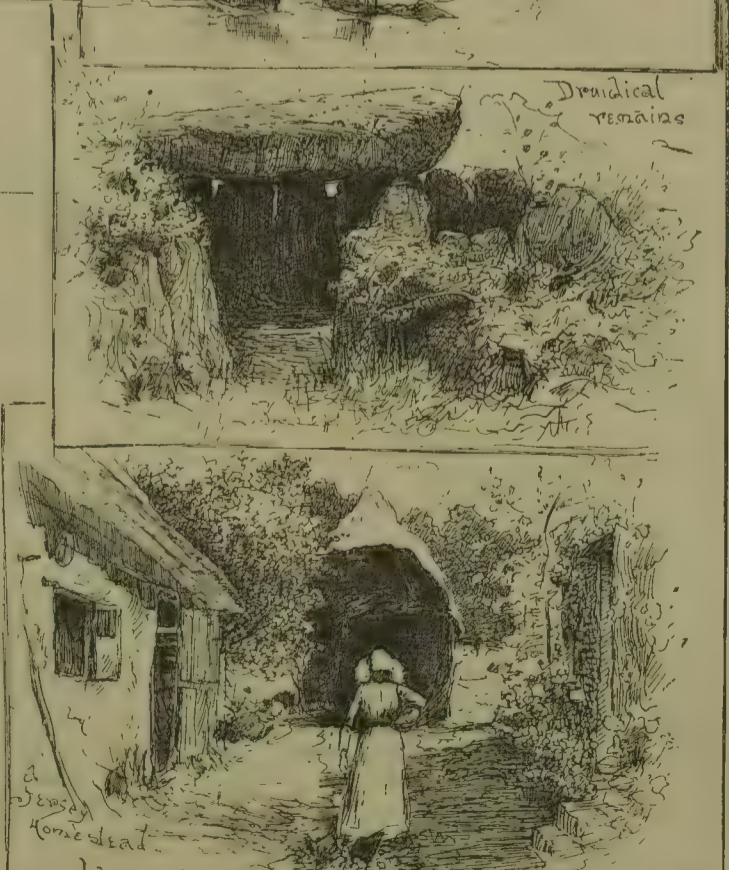
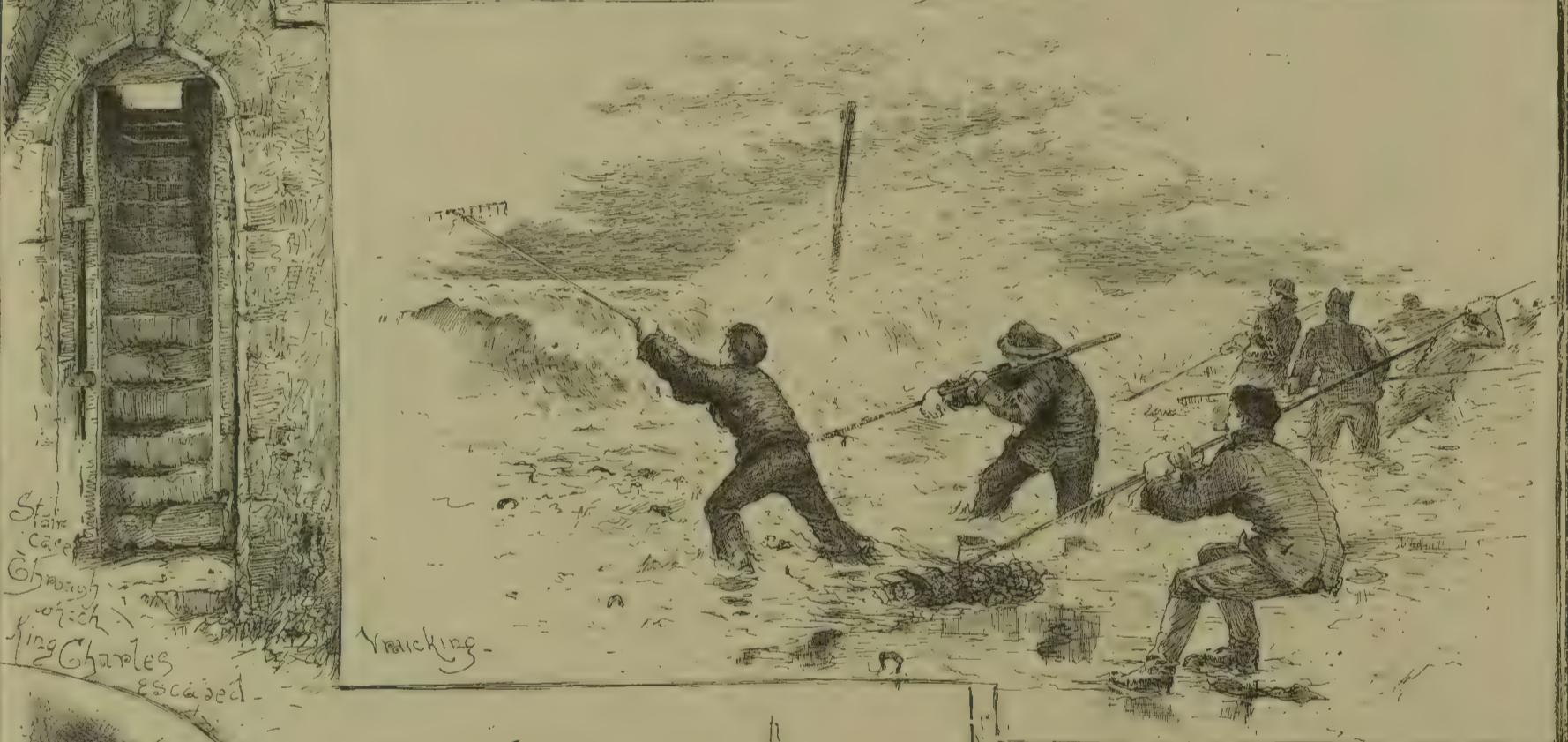
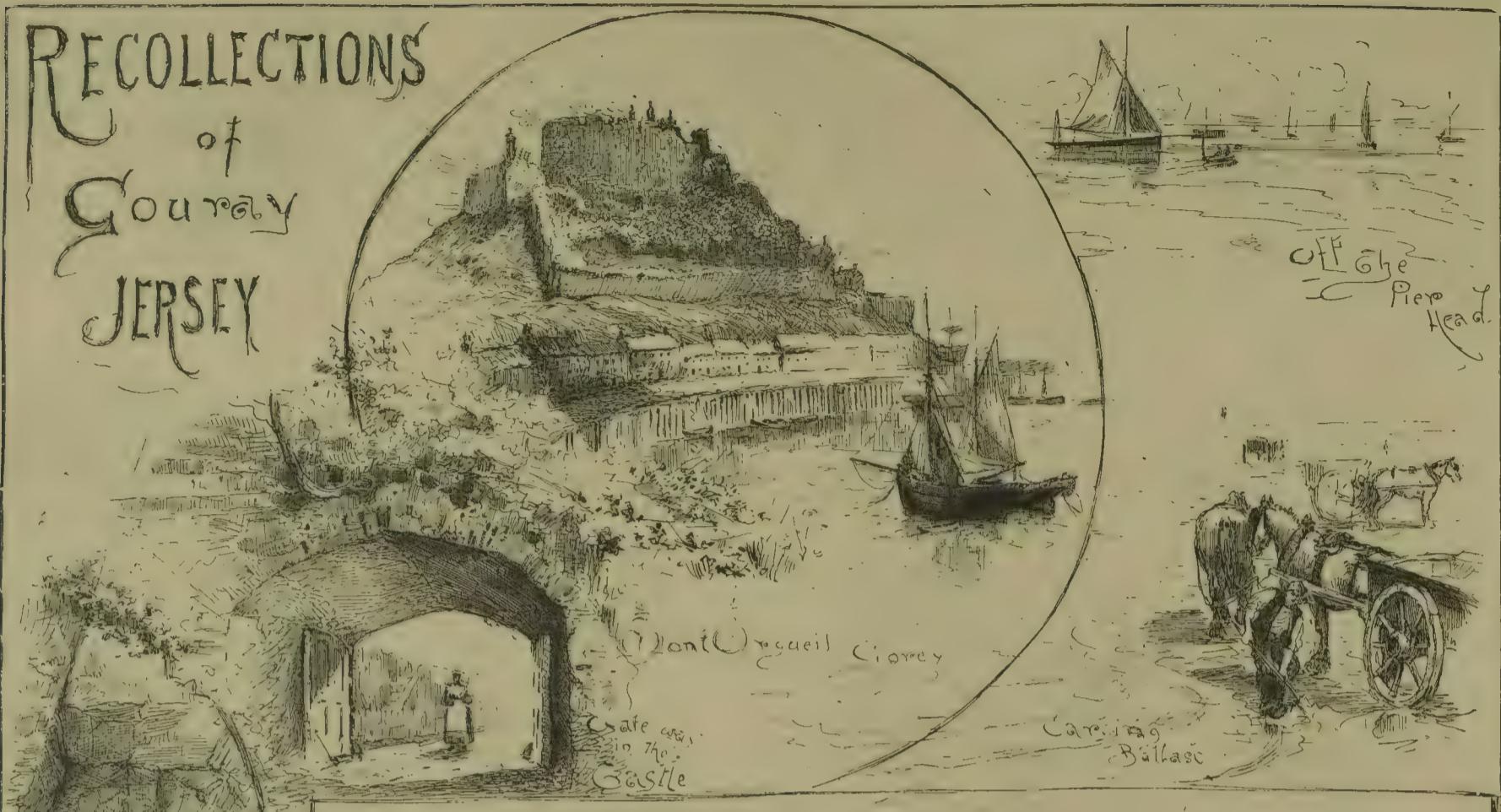
taxes would not bring Indian opium to the price of the native, even if China were to handicap home-grown opium by imposing on it heavier duties than it now pays. India, no doubt, can for years produce opium of better quality, but its relative superiority tends to grow less and less each year. The serious point appears to the Commissioner to be that quality is beginning to count for less and price for more in the competition. At the present moment, supposing all the duty and transit dues now paid on Indian opium to be removed, and placed on native opium in addition to what it already bears, the opium of Honan, which is nearly as good as Patna, could be bought in Hankow for about £8 a picul of 133 1-3 lb. less than the Indian opium. Such a thing as prepared opium boiled exclusively from Indian raw material without an admixture of the native drug can now hardly be found in the market.

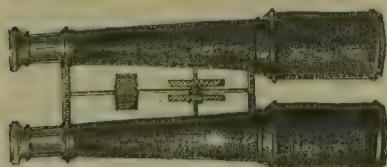
The Kidderminster Town Council have appointed the Earl of Dudley Lord High Steward of the borough, he having intimated his willingness to accept the office. The late Earl of Dudley held the office for many years.

## EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE.

This quarter's circulars—relating to Canada, the Australasian and South African Colonies—have just been issued by this office, under the supervision of the Colonial Office; and a poster, giving a summary, is exhibited in every post office. Queensland grants free passages to female servants and selected unmarried agricultural labourers. Western Australia and Queensland grant assisted passages, and the two former and Natal nominated passages at reduced rates—mainly to female servants and agriculturists. Farmers with capital, and female servants, will find openings in all the Colonies; and agricultural labourers in Canada (in the summer months), New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and some districts of New Zealand; while mechanics are only in demand in very few localities, as in Melbourne for those connected with the building trades. Intending emigrants are invited to write to the office as to the arrangements (if any) which are made by Colonial Governments, and in some cases by private committees and individuals in the Colonies, for the reception and assistance of emigrants on landing. The committee wish to urge the need of careful selection in the case of emigrants,

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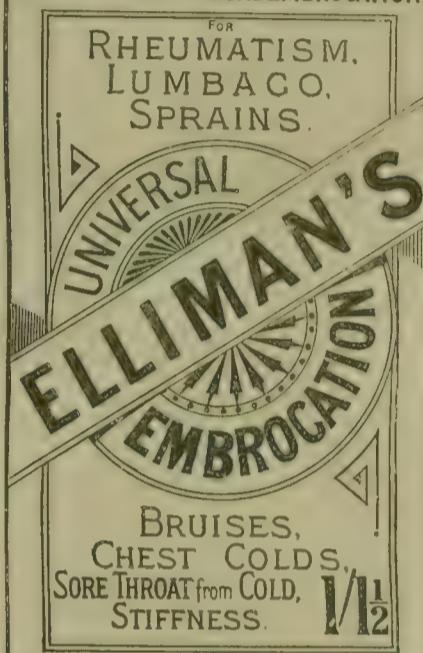
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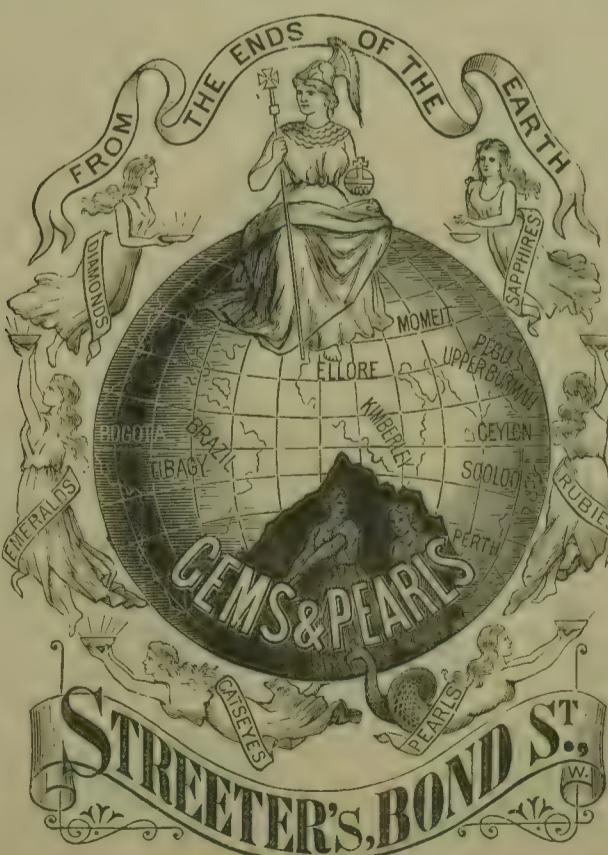
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## MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

*Nineteenth Century.*—The pretentious futility, in general, of ordinary attempts, even by travelled and well-read Englishmen, to forecast the political destinies of France, is once more illustrated by Mr. Frederick Marshall, who preaches the impending ruin of that country from democratic action. He may learn, however, from Madame Blaze de Bury's article, in *Blackwood*, that Paris is not France, and that the rural voters do not mean to allow their country to be ruined. Earl Fortescue considers that the territorial extent and population assigned to the rule of the new London County Council is too large; he would give the parts of London south of the Thames to a separate County Council. A description is given, not the first we have read, of the "Chataqua Reading Circle," a widespread corresponding society for literary and scientific studies, all over America, with a yearly Congress at Chataqua, near the New York shore of Lake Erie. The claims of Wagner's musical, poetic, and dramatic art, and of his aesthetic philosophy, are contemptuously derided by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham. Those of the old English dramatist John Marston, the rival of Ben Jonson, are largely discussed by Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Prince Kropotkin advocates the organisation of labour in model industrial villages. Professor St. George Mivart deals with an inquiry of theological ethics. The experience of the late Naval Manoeuvres is examined by Admiral Sir J. C. Colomb, M.P. English tobacco-growing, leprosy in India, and the exorcism of devils, are subjects taken in hand.

*Contemporary Review.*—In an article styled "The Liberal Creed," Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., propounds State action for the benefit of the labouring classes, provision for their higher education, and improvement of their dwellings, partly by a more equitable application of existing endowments, partly by graduated taxation of property, especially of property augmented in value by the increase of population—these measures he propounds for the adoption of the Liberal Party. Professor Max Müller, with reference to his lectures on "The Science of Thought," cites many of his philosophical "predecessors" who remarked the simultaneity of the formation of thoughts with that of words or names, called by him "the identity of language and thought"; his logic seems at fault when he assumes that the impossibility of existing apart makes two things identical. Mr. Andrew Lang fights against an anonymous literary censor in defence of Mr. Rider Haggard's romances. The continuation of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's recollections of a sojourn in Syria includes his impressions of Nazareth and the Lake of Tiberias. "Among the North Sea Trawlers," by Mr. James Runciman, is an interesting description of the life and work of our hardy fishermen and smacksmen, with a strong independent testimony to the great benefits of the religious mission, described more fully in Mr. E. J. Mather's book, "Nor'ard of the Dogger," and of the floating hospital and dispensary connected with it. A second paper, by Principal Donaldson, on the position of women in ancient Rome, treats chiefly of matrimonial relations, and of the morals and manners affecting that side of life. Mr. Antonio Gallenga, ever a political pessimist, contemplates the probability of a fierce quarrel and war between France and Italy.

*National Review.*—The analysis, by Mr. Arthur Baumann, M.P., of the report of the House of Lords Committee on the sweating system in certain London manufacturing industries, will be serviceable to those who cannot get at, or cannot get through, a bulky Bluebook. "Some Literary Idolatries" is a protest, by Mr. W. Watson, against the recent outburst of apparently concerted eulogies of Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare. "A Chat about Woodcock" should please naturalists and old-fashioned sportsmen. The rather nebulous possibilities of a grand era for English opera are next discussed. Mr. E. J. Norris, M.P., furnishes precise historical details of the administration of St. Katharine's Hospital, founded by Matilda, Queen of King Stephen, and removed, with a singular transformation, from the site of St. Katharine's Dock to Regent's Park. There is a review of the biography of an Indian military hero, Sir Herbert Edwardes; an interesting description, by a Spanish lady novelist, of the peasant women of Galicia; a report of the late gathering of University Local Examination students and their teachers at Oxford; a philosophical and archaeological inquiry, by Mr. Gerald Massey, concerning primitive religious myths and the "totems" or heraldic tribal emblems, in animal forms, of savage mankind; and an article by Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N., on the atrocious slave-trade cruelties in Central Africa, to suppress which he demands a British protectorate from Lake Nyassa northward to Lake Albert Nyanza.

*Fortnightly Review.*—More from Mr. Swinburne about Ben Jonson; he proves it easier to make Jonson the author of Bacon's Essays, than Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays. Dr. G. H. Savage, Medical Superintendent of Bethlem Hospital, contributes a valuable treatise on "Homicidal Mania." Mr.

H. H. Johnston supplies a very useful account of British East Africa, the territory of the new Chartered Company. The Rev. Canon Taylor, writing again of the failure of missionary enterprise; Mr. J. Addington Symonds, on the Memoirs of Gozzi; Mr. Henry James, on those of the brothers Goncourt; Mrs. Lynn Lynton, on "The Irresponsibilities of Genius"; and Sir G. Baden-Powell, on "mosquito" naval defences—are contributors of special ability on these topics.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*—Mr. Bret Harte continues "Cressy," and Mr. Walter Paton concludes "Gaston de Latour." An historical account of John Brown, the Abolitionist hero, and a narrative of editorial experiences in Tennessee, serve to illustrate some phases of American public life. Miss Cartwright's study of the career of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, should be attractive to readers of Macaulay's History. There is an article on Shakespeare metaphors and other phrases used unawares in ordinary language, and one or two other pieces of fair quality.

*English Illustrated.*—A new Italian story by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, "Sant' Ilario," is a sequel to "Saracinesca." Another story now commenced, "The House of the Wolf," is one of France in the time of the Huguenots and the League. Mr. Swinburne's lyrical poem, "Olive," is fine verbal music.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*—A disgusting story, "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil"—that of a secret conclave of depraved Parisians, adepts of the spirit-medium conjuring trickery, who evoked and worshipped the personal Devil—occupies the first place in this magazine. We can entirely commend, on the contrary, Mr. T. E. Kebbel's sound and judicious article on the English agricultural labourer; Colonel T. Pilkington White's historical account of the Ordnance Surveys of Great Britain and Ireland; and Madame Blaze De Bury's discriminating comments on the attitude of French democracy. A review of the works of Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, is of some literary interest.

*Murray's Magazine.*—There is no end to the responsive criticism of some recent criticisms of American institutions and manners; as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt had something to say in answer to Mr. Matthew Arnold, so Mr. Andrew Lang has something to say in answer to Mr. Roosevelt. A personal memoir of the late Dean Burgon, and some remarks on the hindrances to parochial church work, are furnished by clergymen evidently well conversant with the subjects. The story of "The Reproach of Annesley," by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and that of "Quin Lough," an Irish story, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, are continued; while one, called "A Good Old Family," is commenced. Historical notes on the progress of music in England, and an examination of the German system of instruction in industrial art, are both very useful.

*Longman's Magazine.*—Pleasing reminiscences, by the Rev. Canon Butler, of a visit to the Lakes in 1844, and of walks and talks with Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Arthur Clough, and Matthew Arnold, form the most attractive part of the contents, after the chapters of fiction, added by their writers to "A Dangerous Cat's Paw," and to the tale of Austrian Jews called "Orthodox." There is another short story; a discourse of gentle moralising by "A.K.H.B." called "That Longest Day"; and a literary protest, by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne, against the pedantic affectation of antique forms and phrases of the English language.

*Time.*—The professional ways and work of the architect are described by Mr. Basil Champneys, who enters also into a discussion of the prospects of that art and profession. Mr. A. Sonnenschein's observations on the injurious effects of the system of examinations on teaching and learning are entitled to serious attention. Mrs. Power O'Donoghue proceeds with her entertaining account of a tour in Wicklow. There is more of "Kophetua XIII," by Mr. Julian Corbett.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*—A continuation of the story of "Mrs. Beresford" is followed by Mr. J. Theodore Bent's account of a Greek rustic wedding in the Isle of Telos; the Rev. S. Baring Gould's historical notice of the impostor Baron Münchhausen, a criminal adventurer in North Germany, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, whose marvellous boastful tales bequeathed his name, as a type of lying travellers, to the famous romance published in 1785; and several other articles of merit. Not the least in value is that on "Guthram, Dane-King, and the Danes at Barking," by Mr. F. T. Norris, who deserves the thanks of London and Essex antiquaries for his diligent study of the origin of a remarkable earthwork, still bearing witness to the Danish complete occupation of that part of the country, in the ninth century of the Christian era.

*Cornhill.*—The stories of "French Janet" and "A Life's Morning" proceed with added chapters. "A Coach Drive at the Lakes," from Rydal to Thirlmere, awakens pleasant recollections. The slang corruptions of our common English,

by the quaint rough humour of reckless Western men, are exposed in an essay on "The Great American Language." There are "Sketches of Indian Life," and a strange tale, "The Phantom Piquet," current at a regimental mess-table in India.

*Belgravia.*—This magazine is filled with tolerably entertaining stories; those of "Undercurrents," by the author of "Phyllis," and "The Blackhall Ghosts," by Miss Tyler, are continued; and two short ones, "A Summer Hotel Fête" and "Fish Lake" have their scenes laid in America.

*Temple Bar.*—Miss Jessie Fothergill brings "From Moor Isles" near its conclusion, and Mr. W. E. Norris approaches that of "The Rogue." The second part of a good essay on Montaigne, and an agreeable notice of contemporary British diplomats, are the best articles outside the due allowance of fiction.

*Harper's Monthly.*—An instructive account of the Limoges porcelain manufacture is furnished by Mr. Theodore Child, our own Paris Correspondent, with numerous engravings. The history of newspaper enterprise in the Western States of America is accompanied with memoirs and portraits of many local editors. There is a lively description of the carnival at St. Pierre, in the French West Indian island of Martinique. Mr. Pennell, the American artist, and his wife, who writes so well, presents sad views of the condition of the peasantry in the outer Hebrides. The exact and minutely detailed account of St. Louis, on the Mississippi, and of Kansas City, shows a marvellously rapid and complete development of American social life. The illustrations of old English ballads, by Messrs. E. A. Abbey and A. Parsons, are well imagined, but their execution is not equally good. Mr. Black's story, "In Far Lochaber," and the tales by Mr. W. D. Howells and Miss Woolson, satisfy the taste for fiction.

*The Century.*—The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Miss Emma Lazarus, of New York, a Jewish young lady, whose genius as a poet was long since recognised by our own literary criticism, and of whose untimely death we heard with much regret. "An English Deer-park" is one of the careful, but not the less graceful, descriptive studies of our rural scenery, in which the late Mr. Richard Jefferies was unsurpassed. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt portrays in strong colours the outrageous characters and lawless conduct of the Western frontier men on the edge of the prairies towards the Rocky Mountains, a quarter of a century ago. The report, by Mr. George Kennan, of his personal inspection of the Russian system of penal transportation to Siberia, particularly of the Tomsk dépôt for forwarding convict prisoners, reveals shocking misery from neglect in the superior administration. Those who are curious about modern improvements in the apparatus of military wholesale homicide will find here the most accurate description of machine-guns—the Gatling, the Gardner, the Maxim, the Hotchkiss, which threaten to supersede infantry battalions in the field; and the dynamite shell gun, with pneumatic or compressed air-power to shoot forth the shell, which may possibly be adapted for coast batteries and forts. The history of the American Civil War is continued, and there are several tales and essays throwing light on the domestic affairs of the United States.

*Scribner's Magazine.*—"Problems in American Politics," especially that of discontinuing the inordinate tariff protection allowed to American manufacturers, that of encouraging a revival of American ship-building and mercantile marine, and that of restricting the electoral franchise to native Americans, are discussed by Mr. Hugh McCulloch, whose authority should be of considerable weight. Another question of urgent importance, the traffic management of the United States railways, is only incidentally brought to view in the personal notices of some of the leading directors of that powerful administration. Lighter subjects are presented to the reader, with copious woodcut illustration, in the curious particulars of stage-machinery at the Opera-house, and in Mr. Lester Wallack's agreeable reminiscences of a long theatrical career, with pleasing anecdotes of the late Mr. Charles Mathews. The treatise on the construction of Egyptian temples, with fine engravings of the ruins of Karnak, Luxor, and Philæ, is a sound piece of archaeological study.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Poor-law Officers was held on Saturday, in the board-room of the Board of Guardians at Southampton. Mr. Clay, clerk to the Shoreditch Guardians, presided, and delegates were present representing the 20,000 officers engaged in the administration of the Poor Laws throughout the country. Resolutions were passed pledging the association to take steps to ensure the insertion of clauses in the Local Government Act, giving Poor-law officers of all grades the right to superannuation. It was arranged that a memorial to this effect should be presented to the Local Government Board, and that all boards of guardians should be asked to support the project.

## THE AUTHOR OF "MADAME MIDAS."

Mr. Fergus Hume, whose portrait accompanies this notice, is the now famous author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and of the still more promising tale "Madame Midas," issued a few weeks ago by the Hansom Cab Publishing Company, Ludgate-Hill, E.C. Mr. Hume is a young man in his third decade only, abounding in good spirits, full of vigour, and an indefatigable worker. He was born in Scotland; but his first recollections are of New Zealand, whether he was taken while yet only an infant. His youthful days were spent in preparing for the Australian bar, and with this object he took his degree at Dunedin University, and became qualified for legal practice. He early evinced a strong inclination for literary pursuits, and soon made a name for himself as dramatic critic, reviewer, writer of essays and short tales to well-known Australian journals. His first serious effort, however, in fiction was "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," which was published in Melbourne in October, 1883, and republished in this country with unparalleled success in November of last year (1887).

Like many a first production of a young author in the line of sustained fiction Mr. Hume had little encouragement from the publishers to whom he originally submitted the manuscript of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." A Melbourne firm of first rank declared that if Mr. Hume published it at his own risk, which he might do, they would not be able to dispose of 500 copies in twelve months. This was anything but encouraging to the young author. But the publishers were wrong, as results proved, much, evidently, to their chagrin. They lost the sale of the most popular book of modern times. The manuscript quite accidentally got into the hands of a young enterprising publisher, Mr. F. Trischler, who quickly perceived that the tale was one of startling novelty, and contained all the elements of success. In seven days after its publication not only 500 but 5000 copies were sold in Melbourne. A second and, again, a third edition quickly followed, until in three months 25,000 copies were disposed of, a circulation unexampled in the history of the colony. Mr. Hume's career did not end there. His publisher boldly struck out for other fields, and in December last he reproduced the work in this country with a measure of success that more than justified his adventurous speculation, for in less than six months considerably more than 300,000 volumes of Mr. Hume's marvellous story were in the hands of the British public—a success so startling as to astonish our booksellers and even the publishers themselves. Persons were found everywhere eagerly devouring the realistic sensational tale of Melbourne social life. Whether travelling by road, rail, or river the unpretending little volume was ever present in some companion's or stranger's hands. Its popularity still prevails, for several thousand copies a week are sold even at the present time.

After such a triumph with "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" it was unlikely Mr. Hume would remain long silent. It was anxiously doubted whether he could follow up his victory worthily, and display equal, not to say increased, power. The public had not long to wait before being satisfied as to Mr. Hume's fertility of invention and literary composition, variety of incident, and subtlety of plot. Characters are more fully developed, the background more firm and well defined, and the principal figures more powerfully illumined and more perfect in detail than in his earlier work. Of course, there is a mystery to be unravelled, and the tale is throughout highly sensational. The scene is again laid in Australia, this time principally in the gold-fields at Ballarat, an in Sandhurst, the largest town in the colony of Victoria devoted to gold-mining. The vivid pictures of Australian life and landscape are of peculiar interest. There is scarcely a family in the British Isles that has not some member or friend in one of our Australian colonies. The whole population is chiefly composed of our own flesh and blood—men with like passions with ourselves speaking the same language and reading the same literature. We find in "Madame Midas" accurate descriptions of the adopted land of many of our nearest and dearest. It is a tale from over the seas that awakens the interest of all true-born Englishmen who are concerned in becoming

acquainted with life and manners in one of the most important dependencies of our vast and growing Empire.

It was to be expected from the foretaste of Mr. Hume's powers as a novelist in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" that his second effort, "Madame Midas," would be eagerly sought for by novel readers on this side of the Equator; but a sale almost beyond the dreams of avarice was not anticipated. Such, however, has been the experience. In eight weeks 158,000 copies have been sold. The press has been almost unanimous in its approval of the tale so full of mystery, imagination, and humour, and the novel-reading public has hailed the work with acclamation. It is a book that young and old of both sexes read with pleasure and profit; it amuses while it instructs them. They feel as if they had known life in the gold-fields personally. The characters are by no means typically virtuous. Indeed, the hero, Vandcloup, is a villain of the most despicable kind, Madame Midas is worldly wise but not lovable, while Kitty is pretty but frail. Yet there is no impurity, no suggestive indecency, too common now-a-days in popular novels. It leads to a hate of evil-doing, and the "wages of sin" are prominently set forth in the final chapter. Although the persons portrayed are, on the whole, of very questionable character, "Madame Midas" is perfectly healthy in tone, but entirely free from obtrusive moralising. As a proof of the truthfulness to nature of Mr. Hume's writings, it is worthy of note that none appreciate him more than those who inhabit the regions where all his characters are supposed to move, and have their being. He is a prophet in the heart of his own country; his countrymen have a faith in him and his works. One firm alone ordered 25,000 copies for the supply of the Australian trade before a page of "Madame Midas" was published, and "repeat" orders have already been received by cable. Indeed, if Mr. Fergus Hume continues to write such interesting and thrilling tales as "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and especially "Madame Midas," his readers at home and abroad will not fail to appreciate him at his worth. Australians will certainly set a high price upon him; for not only is he a faithful delineator of Australian life, but also a faithful exponent of his countrymen's views, their aims and aspirations, as evidenced in his sympathy with the recidivist question in the introduction of Vandcloup, an escaped convict from the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, who pollutes society in a neighbouring English colony. This subject is of Imperial as well as Colonial interest, and claims the serious consideration of our politicians and diplomats. The refuse of Parisian jails should be shot further away from our young, vigorous colony than New Caledonia. Rogues and villains are not so scarce even in Australia as to require fresh importations from perfidious France.

The success of Mr. Hume's novels is greatly due to his having hit the popular taste for fiction of a realistic and sensational kind. At the same time, the principal cause of the passion for such literature has been the appearance of late years of consummate masters in writing tales of weird realism. This is a disadvantage to a young author. It leads to comparisons which are generally odious—to the new novelist. Where there are so many giants, a man of medium stature appears small, and is likely to be overlooked. To attract attention he must be a giant himself. Mr. Hume's predecessors in the particular domain he has entered upon have been many, and he has living competitors of striking ability. The greater, therefore, has been his achievement in breaking the record, by writing a work like "Madame Midas," of which 150,000 copies have been sold in two months. And there are no symptoms of any decrease in the demand for some time to come; and it will not be surprising to find that at the end of one year from date of publication 1,000,000 copies will have been sold. The tax upon printer and publishers to supply an almost insatiable demand is not lessening, but increasing. To the publishers there is certainly great credit due for their share in popularising Mr. Hume's famous tales. When a writer of genius meets with such enterprising publishers as "The Hansom Cab Publishing Company," great things can be done. It is to be hoped that the public may soon witness a repetition of their achievements. Indeed, it is an open secret that Mr. Hume is engaged on another novel of Australian life, which will be issued at the end of the year. If it proves to be equal in merit to "Madame Midas," the public will be abundantly satisfied with his performance.



and villains are not so scarce even in Australia as to require fresh importations from perfidious France.



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## MUSIC.

"CARINA" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Long known as one of the most gifted composers of the Royal Academy of Music, Madame Julia Woolf is fortunate to have had her tuneful comic opera of "Carina"—libretto and lyrics by Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman—produced in the most brilliant manner by the management of the Opera Comique, and staged by so supremely skilful a stage manager as Mr. Charles Harris. "Carina" was brought out with unmistakable success on the Twenty-seventh of September. It proved a most attractive musical entertainment. Difficult would it have been to have found a more charming Carina than Miss Camille Darville, personally exceedingly captivating, and a really accomplished songstress and piquante actress. Carina is the beauty of Barcelona, which Spanish port appears about the period of the opera, early in the last century, to have abounded in beauties, to judge from the comely female representatives of "Carina." A graceful, blue-eyed blonde, with a merry smile and sweet voice, Carina is destined by her worldly-minded guardian and uncle, General Bobadillo, to wed an opulent Cuban merchant; but she chances infinitely to prefer her handsome young sweetheart, Don Felix, whose confidential servant, Cedrillo, assumes the guise of her Havannah suitor in order to further the suit of his master. Through this ruse, General Bobadillo is outwitted, Don Felix gains the hand of Carina, and Cedrillo pairs off with Carina's lively maid, Zara. Such, in brief, is the plot, which moves briskly to the tune of enlivening music, done justice to by the efficient orchestra conducted by Mr. Auguste Van Biene. The three pretty daughters of the innkeeper, Ella, Vena, and Zeta, are the first to win approval by their *chic* acting and singing. The melodious opening ballad of Don Felix (Mr. Durward Lely), "Within the Halls of Memory," well deserved its encore; and his quaint "Twelve o'clock" duet with the General (Mr. G. H. Snazelle) was likewise well received. Quite a triumph in its way for Mr. Charles Harris was the encored Chorus of Duennas, rich in the humorous "business" for the invention of which he is noted. The grotesque action and steps of the General's three servants, headed by Mr. Charles Collette as Patricho, gained the encore for Bobadillo's song of lamentation. The first song of Carina, "So brightly gleams at dawn of day," one of Mr. Blanchard's most poetical lyrics, was sung by Miss Darville with exquisite sweetness and expression, and was heartily redemanded. With equal favour was the Carina and Don Felix duet of "I am waiting, timidly waiting" greeted. And the animated finale to the first act (wherein Don Felix makes love to Carina through the open lid of his rival's strong box) formed a bright and mirthful picture. The last act vied with the first in lustrous beauty of costume. The incidental divertissement, arranged by Mr. John D'Auban, afforded scope for that dainty danseuse, Miss Alice Lethbridge. Spirit-stirring was the duet "What nerves the arm when danger's near," sung by Carina and Don Felix; and waltz-inspiring was Zara's gipsy song, "Let the little Moorish maiden." The delightfully fresh voice of Miss Darville was heard to signal advantage in "The Hoop of Gold." Indeed, the songs of this captivating vocalist proved the most charming features of "Carina." The opera was throughout well acted by Miss Camille Darville, Mr. G. H. Snazelle, Miss Josephine Findlay, Madame Ada Dorée, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. E. D. Ward, and Miss Flora Wilmot, Miss Jessica Dene, and Miss Blanche Murray. The costumes, designed by M. Wilhelm, were triumphs of

harmonious colouring, and reflected credit on Madame Auguste, Alias, and Miss Fisher.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre have continued to supply attractive musical performances, at a time when London music is suspended from its usual activity. At a recent "classical" night, Madame Scalchi, Miss A. Whitacre, and Mr. E. Lloyd were the vocalists; and Miss Dora Bright, the esteemed pianist, made her first appearance at these concerts this season. This lady performed, with excellent effect, her own clever pianoforte concerto—a composition which has recently elicited deserved commendation when it was likewise worthily interpreted by herself. The concert now specially referred to also included Mr. Carrodus's fine rendering of the "Allegro" from Beethoven's violin concerto; in addition to which the classical selection included effective orchestral performances of Weber's overture to "Oberon," the entr'acte from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," and Hermann Goetz's symphony in F. Mr. Gwylym Crowe conducted as usual.

On Oct. 8 the Russian National Opera Company will begin a series of concerts at the Royal Albert Hall; the programmes including selections from Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," Glinka's "Life for the Czar," and Tschaikowski's "Mazeppa"; and other compositions. Three hundred selected performers, including forty-eight lady pianists (playing on twenty-four pianos), will contribute to the general effect.

Occasional operatic performances have been successfully continued at the Alexandra Palace, under the direction of Mr. Valentine Smith, and conducted by Mr. W. Carter. A version of Bellini's "La Sonnambula" was given on Sept. 29.

Among the important provincial musical arrangements is the tour of Mr. Santley, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert, beginning at Eastbourne, on Sept. 29, and followed by concerts, during the first week of October, at Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Folkestone, Reigate, Southsea, and Bournemouth; other concerts being announced for subsequent weeks.

On October 11, as previously announced, a festival performance is to take place at Hanley, under the direction of Dr. Winnerton Heap, of Birmingham. The notion of a festival for North Staffordshire was first mooted in 1887, at a meeting of various choral societies of the district, the result having been the decision to hold a one-day festival in the new Victoria Hall, Hanley, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and the Burslem, Longton, and Leek Cottage Hospitals—Institutions of the district which are eminently deserving of all possible support. Unlike some of our provincial festivals, that now referred to will not rely on donations or collections, it being anticipated that effective performances given in so spacious a building as the Hanley Townhall—capable of holding about 2500 persons—should prove sufficiently remunerative to answer the desired purpose. It is to be hoped that the result of the forthcoming tentative experiment may be so successful as to lead to more extensive arrangements, and still greater money results for the charities on future occasions. The prospectus of the one day's festival at Hanley, on Oct. 11, is of good promise. In the morning "Elijah" will be performed; and in the evening a miscellaneous concert will be given, among many interesting features in the programme being a movement of Beethoven's violin concerto rendered by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, a new concert overture by Mr. A. Ashton, and a scena from Dr. S. Heap's cantata "The Maid of Astolat," sung by Mr. E. Lloyd.

## EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

On Oct. 1, the annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain was opened to the public at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in Pall-mall. In spite of the experiment which the society has this year made in holding their exhibition without awarding any medal or prize, as they had been wont to do in former years, there does not seem to be any apparent falling off either in the amount or quality of the work on view. Without undertaking any special criticism of the various technical processes employed, we will confine ourselves rather to the consideration of the work more from an artistic point of view. It is, however, worth notice that the Platinotype process, which is so well suited for landscape and out-of-door work generally, seems to increase in favour with photographers, both amateur and professional, as the numerous examples in the present exhibition testify. In fact, the predominance of landscape is a distinct characteristic of this year's show, and although there is no great increase of really artistic work, yet many of the landscapes attain to a degree of excellence that deserves high praise.

The most striking feature of this year's display is undoubtedly the fine series of photographs of the ruined city of Palmyra, in the Syrian Desert, taken by Mr. Horace Gridley. Mr. Gridley, who spared no expense or trouble to accomplish his purpose, is, we believe, the first who has ever taken photographs of these magnificent ruins, and the results that he has obtained, besides possessing a great archaeological value, are splendid specimens of photographic art, and afford abundant proof of the skill and discrimination with which he is able to manipulate his camera.

Among the most artistic productions in the exhibition we would include a series of ten pictures, by J. Gale (Nos. 73-83 inclusive), which are well worth examination. No. 73, "Off to Work"; No. 75, "A Sussex Drift-way"; No. 80, "The Path of the Hills"; and Nos. 81, 82, and 83, are really first-class work. On the opposite wall to Mr. Gridley's exhibit, near the door, hang two landscapes (Nos. 13 and 14), by H. Tolley, which are worthy of notice; and further along on the same wall are three remarkably powerful studies—"In the Castle Garth, Newcastle" (No. 26)—by Lydell Sawyer.

No. 37, "Spring-time—Otterton Park," is a good example of the suitability of the Platinotype process for reproducing the complicated details of foliage. Mr. Frank Sutcliffe sends a large contribution of out-of-door subjects of great merit. There are, as usual, some excellent photographs of yachts, although the number is smaller than in former years, while mountain and river scenes abound—Captain Abney and G. S. Edwards send some good examples of the latter style of subject, principally Alpine views.

We are glad to notice that the predilection for life-size portraits—which are seldom at all satisfactory—seems to be dying out. Several well-known firms, however, send examples of a more suitable size.

Mr. W. K. Burton, who contributes several interesting photographs, has a frame of views of Mount Bandai, in Japan, taken very soon after the recent eruption there. The examples which the Autotype Company exhibit show no falling off from the high state of excellence that its work has reached.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



## OBITUARY.

## LORD SACKVILLE.

The Right Honourable Mortimer Sackville-West, Lord Sackville, of Knole, Kent, died on Oct. 1, at Knole, Sevenoaks. He was born Sept. 22, 1820, the third son of George John, fifth Earl Delawarr, by Lady Elizabeth Sackville, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Frederick, Duke of Dorset. This lady was created, in 1864,



Baroness Buckhurst, with a peculiar limitation. At her death, in 1870, her son, the nobleman whose death we record, assumed, erroneously, the title of Buckhurst; but was himself raised to the Peerage, as Baron Sackville, in 1876. He married, first, Jan. 14, 1847, Fanny Charlotte, daughter of Major-General Dickson, C.B., of Beenham, Berks, which lady died Jan. 19, 1870; and secondly, on June 12, 1873, Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Charles W. Faber, of Northaw House, Herts. Dying without issue, he is succeeded, under the limitation of the second patent, by his brother, the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville Sackville-West, K.C.M.G., Ambassador at Washington.

## SIR HENRY ANTHONY FARRINGTON, BART.

Sir Henry Anthony Farrington, Bart., died on Sept. 19, at Gosford House, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, aged seventy-seven. He was eldest son of Sir Henry Maturin Farrington, second Baronet, by Jane, his third wife, daughter of Mr. Roger Curry. He succeeded his father, Oct. 4, 1834, and married, May 16, 1833, Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Warren, D.D., of Portview, Devon. His eldest son and successor is Sir William Hicks Farrington, fifth Baronet, M.D., born in 1838, and married, Dec. 7, 1870, to Amy Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Glendinning.

## MR. GAMBIER PARRY.

Mr. Thomas Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, in the county of Gloucester, M.A., J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1850, died on Sept. 28. He was born Feb. 22, 1816, only son of Mr. Richard Parry, of Banstead, Surrey, Governor of Bencoolen, by his wife, Mary Gambier. He was educated at Eton and Trinity

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College, Cambridge, and gained much repute as a disciple of art; he was author of several works on the subject. He married, first, 1839, Anna Maria Isabella, second daughter of Mr. Henry Fynes Clinton, of Welwyn, Herts, cousin of the Duke of Newcastle; and secondly, 1851, Ethelinda, daughter of the Ven. Rev. F. Lear, D.D., late Dean of Salisbury. He had issue by each. His eldest surviving son is Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, the composer.

Earl Fortescue distributed the prizes at the Devon County School, West Buckland.

Lord Hartington was on Oct. 2 presented with the freedom of the burgh of Nairn.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the coming year.

Mr. Henry Irving was entertained at a banquet by the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, on Oct. 2.

The Church Congress was opened on Oct. 2, at Manchester, with an address from the Bishop of the diocese to an audience of 4000 persons in the Free Trade Hall.

Addresses were given on Oct. 1 on the opening of several of the medical schools in connection with the metropolitan hospitals.

Lord Moncrieff, who presides over the Second Division of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, has resigned his appointment. The patronage of the chair lies with the Lord Advocate.

The town of Penang is to be lighted with 600 of the Defries patent pneumatic street-lamps of thirty-candle power, similar to those successfully in use to light the town of Erith and several other towns.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment will reopen for the autumn season on Monday evening, Oct. 8, with "Wanted—an Heir," by Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and an entirely new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain.

The legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth have offered to the authorities of Owen's College, Manchester, a site for a hospital, £35,000 towards the cost of erecting and furnishing it, and £1000 a year towards its maintenance, without imposing any conditions.

St. Dunstan's College, situate at Catford Bridge, was formally opened on Oct. 1. The institution has been established under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, to provide education of a high order, and in accordance with modern requirements, for 400 boys.

Mr. Boehm's statue of Lord Shaftesbury, which is placed in Westminster Abbey near the western door, was unveiled on Oct. 1 by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A preliminary meeting was held in the Jerusalem Chamber. Canon Duckworth, in

the absence of the Dean, presided; and there were present the Earl of Shaftesbury, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Sherbrooke, Lady Hatherton, and many other friends and admirers of the late Earl.

The first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society was opened on Oct. 1 at the new gallery in Regent-street. Among the promoters of the movement are Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. William Morris, the object being to bring before the public the work of the actual designer and craftsman, as distinguished from the mere vendor or middleman. The exhibition is full of interest.

The autumnal assembly of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland began in Huddersfield on Oct. 1, and was continued until the 5th. The delegates were received at the Townhall by Mr. Alderman Joseph Brooke, the Mayor; and the Rev. John Haslam, President of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, welcomed the delegates.

The Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution opened its sixty-sixth session on Monday, Oct. 1. Nearly 200 classes meet weekly in commercial and technical subjects, mathematics, natural, applied, and mental science, languages, history, literature, art, music, law, &c. Special classes are arranged for University, Civil Service, and other examinations. The classes are open to both sexes.

The Registrar-General reports that in London 2395 births and 1314 deaths were registered in the week ending Sept. 29. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 325, and the deaths 94, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 30 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 27 from diphtheria, 13 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 77 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 213, but were 11 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths.

## MARRIAGES.

On Sept. 26, at St. John's Church, Cotehill, Cumberland, by the Rev. P. Slater, M.A., Vicar of Bywell St. Andrew, Northumberland, assisted by the Rev. J. Howard, Vicar of the parish, and the Rev. R. Duncan, M.A., Vicar of St. James's, Whitehaven. Robert Hodgson, only son of Thomas Horrocks, Esq., J.P., of Eden Brows, Cumberland, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Robert Thompson, Esq., of Carleton, and niece of John Thompson, Esq., of Englewaite, Cumberland. No cards.

On Sept. 27, at Holy Trinity Church, Kilburn, by the Rev. Reginald Pearse, Francis Robinson, of Great Yarmouth, to Mary Ann, elder daughter of John Faith, of Kilburn.

## DEATH.

In Memoriam. In loving memory of Leopoldina Margaret Duncan, the beloved daughter of the Chevalier E. Biletti, who died Sept. 28, 1883.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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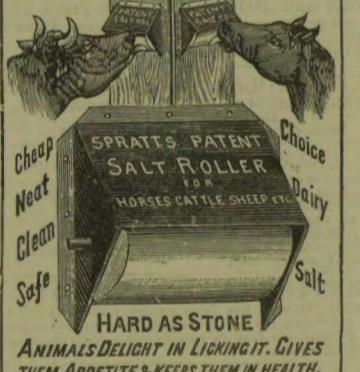
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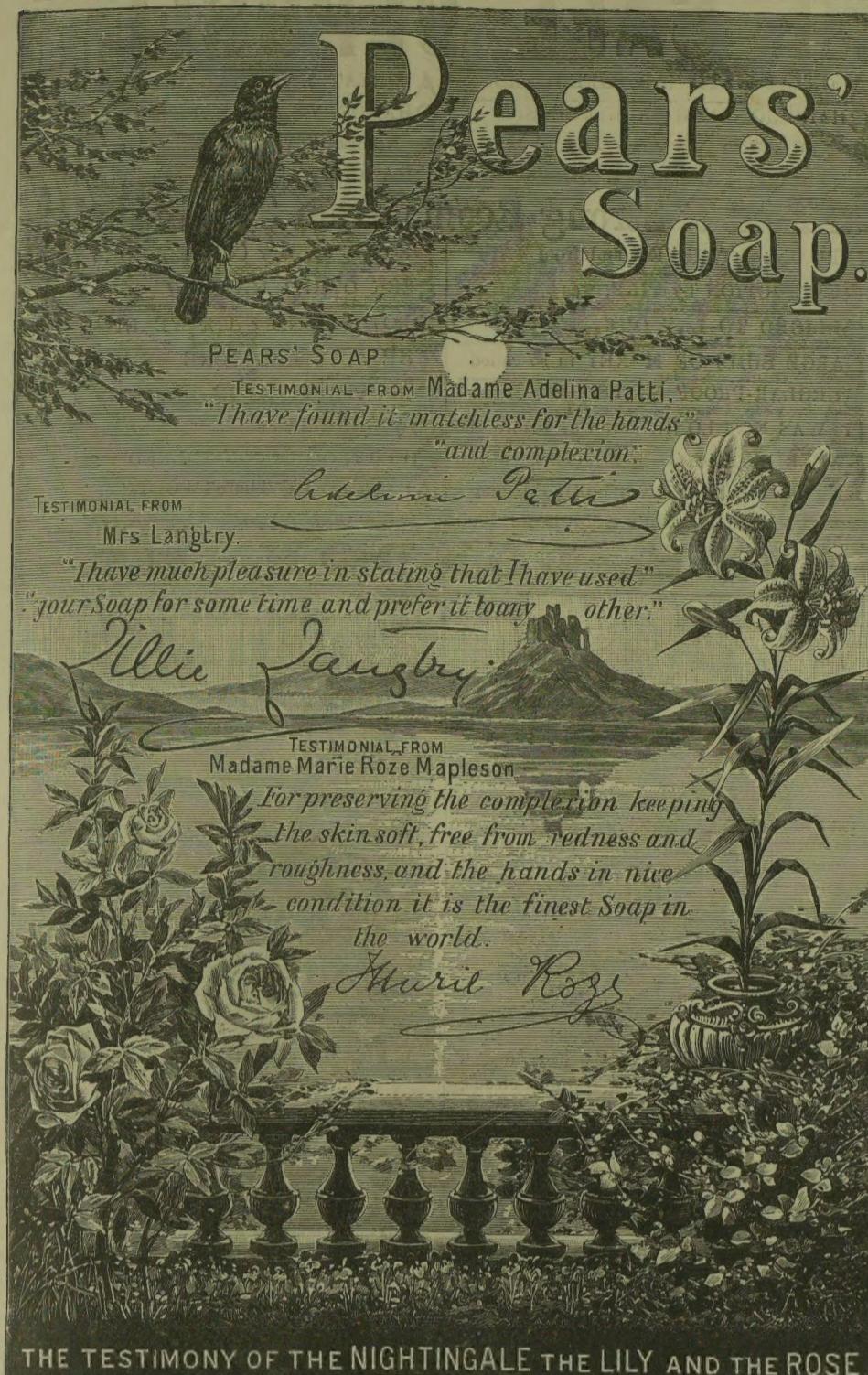
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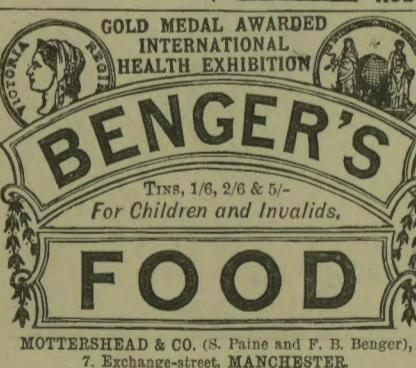
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